

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC
NEWS

No. 158.—VOL. VI.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1877.

[REGISTERED FOR
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MISS AGNES LARKCOM.

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STOCKTAKING.—MESSRS. JAY, according to custom, will take stock on Saturday, the 17th instant, and where the surplus stock of Departments has not been sold, the undermentioned prices will generally remain, but in some instances, still further reductions will be made in the prices of unnecessary stock.

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Black Silk Costumes, 4½ guineas each.
Very rich Costumes, cost 25 guineas, 14½ guineas each.
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A number of French made-up Silk Bodices, from which the skirts have been separated and sold, 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. each.
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French Gros Grain Black Silk, 24in. wide, 2s. 10½d. per yard, late 4s. 3d.
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5s. 9d. " late 8s. 9d.
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MANTLE DEPARTMENT.

Rich French Velvet Mantles,
6½ guineas each, late 12½ guineas.
9½ guineas " late 14½ guineas.
French Model Cashmere Mantles,
2½ guineas each, late 6½ guineas.
6½ guineas " late 12½ guineas.
9½ guineas " late 14½ guineas.
Sealskin Jackets, trimmed with fur, 7½ guineas each.
Silk and Cashmere, lined fur, 4½ guineas each, late 9½ guineas.
Rich Opera Mantles, very cheap.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

A general reduction on all French Model Hats, Headdresses, and other incidentals belonging to this department, including Dressing Gowns, Fichus, and Petticoats.

HALF MOURNING DEPARTMENT.

Serge Costumes, 38s. 6d. each, late 6 guineas.
3½ guineas, late 9 guineas each.
Paris Models, £1 18s. 6d. each; late 7½ guineas.
Velveteen Costumes, 4 guineas each.
Waterproof Suits, 1½ guineas each.
A few left-over Summer Costumes, 18s. 6d. each.

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Cambrie Handkerchiefs, 8s. 9d. per dozen.
Paris Black Kid Gloves, 1s. 6d. per pair.
Umbrellas and Parasols from 5s. 6d. each.

MOURNING DEPARTMENT.

French Model Costumes of Cashmere, Armure, and Matelassé, generally reduced 50 per cent.
Black Costumes, at 2 guineas each.
Black Serge Costumes, 3 guineas each.
All Wool Serge, 15d. per yard.
Brighter Black Materials, 10d., 11d., and 1s. per yard.
As this unnecessary stock is limited in quantity, Messrs. JAY can only send patterns of material on approval.

MOURNING ORDERS.

Messrs. JAY beg to announce that this SALE will in no way interfere with the execution of MOURNING ORDERS, nor with their Dressmaking or other general business. The ordinary staff of assistants will be employed for the performance of these usual duties.

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The London General Mourning Warehouse, Regent-street, W.

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AT THE

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REAL ICE RINK, RUSHOLME.
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Visitors can use their own Skates (which must be rounded at the heel), but Skates will be provided at 3d. per pair.

REAL ICE RINK.

BAND THREE TIMES EACH DAY.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES.—The Directors of the THEATRE ROYAL are prepared to receive offers for the Sale, or for a lease for a term of years. Sealed Tender to be sent addressed to the undersigned not later than Thursday, the 1st March next.

By Order, JOHN SETTLE,
Secretary.

GENERAL EXHIBITION OF WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS, DUDLEY GALLERY, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—The THIRTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION will OPEN on MONDAY, the 26th inst.—R. F. McNAIR, Sec.
After Monday, is open daily from 10 till 6. Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, Regent's-park, are open daily (except Sunday). Admission 1s., on Monday 6d., children always 6d. The Collection of Hunting Trophies and Zoological specimens made during the Indian tour of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, is open from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. daily.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—

Every Evening, THE FORTY THIEVES. The Vokes Family. Première Danseuse, Mdlle. Bossi; Double Harlequinade; Clowns, C. Lauri and F. Evans; Harlequina à la Watteau, Miss Amy Rosalind. Preceded by HIDE AND SEEK. Prices from 6d. to £4 4s. Doors open at 6.30; commence at 7. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.—

THIS EVENING, at 7, Pantomime, LITTLE GOODY TWO SHOES, performed entirely by children. At 9, SHAUGHRAUN, Messrs. C. Sullivan, S. Barry, W. Terriss, F. Tyars, J. G. Shore, H. Vaughan, Mesdames Rose Coghlan, Hudspeth, Taylor, C. Nott, Everard, &c.

LOST IN LONDON. EVERY EVENING.

—Characters by Mr. S. Emery, Mr. H. Jackson, Mr. Revelle, Mr. C. J. Smith, Mr. G. Weston, Mr. H. Evans, Mr. E. Travers, Miss Rose Coghlan, Miss F. Leslie, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, &c. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.—ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.—TOOLE in PAUL PRY, and JACQUES STROP. Every Night 8 to 11. Open 7. Farce 7.15. Close 11. Prices from 6d. No Fees. AFTERNOON PERFORMANCES, every Wednesday and Saturday, (see Daily Papers).

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone. Every Evening, till further notice, at 7.30, C. M. Rae's Comedy, FOLLOW THE LEADER. Miss Lafontaine, Miss Irwin, and Mr. Herbert. After which at 8.30, will be revived Mr. W. S. Gilbert's Mythological Comedy PYGMALION AND GALATEA. Cynisca, Miss Henrietta Hodson; Galatea, Miss Marion Terry; Myrene, Miss Maria Harris; Daphne, Miss Chippendale; Pygmalion, Mr. Charles Harcourt; Chryso, Mr. Buckstone; and Leucippe, Mr. Howe. Concluding with BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS AGREE.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—SHAKSPEARE'S

KING RICHARD III.
MR. HENRY IRVING as DUKE OF GLOSTER.
MISS BATEMAN as QUEEN MARGARET.
Every Evening till further notice, at 7.45, KING RICHARD III. Richard Duke of Gloucester, Mr. Henry Irving; Queen Margaret, Miss Bateman; Lady Anne, Miss Isabel Bateman. Scenery by Hawes Craven; Music by R. Stoepel. Preceded at 7.0 by THE LOTTERY TICKET.

ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—

Lessee and Manager, Mrs. JOHN WOOD.—THE DANISCHEFFS. Unanimously pronounced by the Press and Public the great Success of the Season. On Monday, and during the week, at 8.15, will be presented in Four Acts, THE DANISCHEFFS—Characters by Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. John Clayton, Mr. C. Warner, Mr. C. Cooper, Mr. W. H. Macklin, Mr. Sandford, Mr. A. Parry, Mr. Darrell, Mr. Barry, Mr. Winstanley, &c.; Miss Lydia Foote, Miss Fanny Addison, Miss Maria Daly, Miss Edith Challis, Miss Lavis, Miss Wilmore, and Mrs. John Wood. Preceded by, at 7.30, a Laughable Farce.—Box office open from 10 till 5. Doors open at 7.
On SATURDAY NEXT, the first MORNING PERFORMANCE of THE DANISCHEFFS, at 2. Doors open 1.30.

FOLLY THEATRE.—Proprietor and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.

Tenth NIGHT OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.
MISS LYDIA THOMPSON in comedy and burlesque. MONDAY, 19th February, and every Evening during the week the performance will commence at 7.30, PERPETUAL MOTION, in which Mr. Harry Collier will appear. To be followed for the first time in this Theatre, at 8 o'clock, with the comedy, in one act, entitled NINE POINTS OF THE LAW, by Tom Taylor, in which Miss Lydia Thompson will make her first appearance, supported by Messrs. Brough, Edouin, Day, and Forrester; Mesdames Emily Vining and Lina Merville. At 9.15, the Celebrated Burlesque (for the 100th time) of ROBINSON CRUSOE, by Farnie, supported by Miss Lydia Thompson, Messrs. Brough, Edouin, and the Entire Company. Morning Performances every Saturday. For particulars see daily papers.—Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.

Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM and a Most Powerful Company. ON BAIL, an immense success. Every Evening during the week at 7.30, DOROTHY'S STRATAGEM, by J. Mortimer. At 8.45, ON BAIL, a farcical comedy in 3 acts by W. S. Gilbert. Charles Wyndham, J. Clarke, E. Kington, H. Ashley, C. Tritton, &c. Mesdames Nelly Bromley, Eastlake, Bruce, Davis, Myra, Holme, and Fanny Josephs.—Seats can be secured two weeks in advance.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchens.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, MR. EDGAR BRUCE.

Last Nights of THE INVISIBLE PRINCE, in consequence of the Provincial engagements of Miss Jennie Lee and the Company. The only MORNING PERFORMANCE of THE INVISIBLE PRINCE, on SATURDAY MORNING, Feb. 24.
Every Evening at 7, THE WAY OF THE WIND. At 7.45, SQUAB-BLES, a comedy in two acts, by S. Coyne. At 9, THE INVISIBLE PRINCE, in which MISS JENNIE LEE will play the principal part, and introduce her celebrated Dutch song and dance, at 10.10. Miss Jennie Lee, Mesdames Rachel Sanger, Nellie Harris, Murielle, Steele and D. Drummond. Messrs. George Barrett, Edwards, F. Harcourt, Balfour and Beveridge. Box-office open from 11 till 5. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s.—Acting Manager, Mr. Douglas Cox.

GLOBE THEATRE.—MONDAY, February

26, First Night of a new drama, "COKA," in a prologue and three acts, by W. G. Wills and Frank Marshall (the main incidents taken from Adolphe Belot's "L'Article 47"), in which MRS. HERMANN VEZIN will appear, prior to her departure for Australia and America. Characters by Messrs. James Fernandez, Edmund Leathes, Beveridge, W. H. Stephens, David Fisher, jun., Harcourt, Paul Gray, Balfour, &c.; Mdlles. Nellie Harris, Kate Byrne, Telbin, and Mrs. Hermann Vezin. New scenery by Mr. Bruce Smith. Box-office open daily at the Theatre.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs SWANBOROUGH.

On Monday, and during the Week, at 7.0, KEEP YOUR TEMPER. At 8.15, BABES AND BEETLES. Mr. John S. Clarke, Mr. Vernon, Miss Venne, &c. TOODLES, Mr. John S. Clarke. And THE LYING DUTCHMAN. Messrs. Cox, Marius, Taylor; Mesdames Venne, Jones &c.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Mr. Hare

Lessee and Manager.—Every Evening, punctually at Eight o'clock, NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES, written by Tom Taylor and A. W. Dubourg. The principal characters will be acted by Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mrs. Stephens, Miss Kate Aubrey; Mr. Kelly, Mr. Anson, Mr. Conway, Mr. Ersser Jones, and Mr. Hare. The new scenery painted by Messrs. Gordon and Harford.—Doors open at 7.30. Box-office hours 11 to 5.—Acting-Manager, Mr. John Huy. Third Morning Performance, Saturday, Feb. 24.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Lessees

Messrs. D. James and T. Thorne. Enormous Success of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron. Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, David James, C. W. Garthorne, J. P. Bernard, W. Lestock, A. Austin and Thomas Thorne. Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Neville,

Sole Lessee.—QUEEN OF CONNAUGHT. Re-appearance in London of MISS ADA CAVENDISH in a New and Picturesque Comedy Drama called "THE QUEEN OF CONNAUGHT." Mr. Henry Neville as John Darlington. Mr. W. J. Hill, Mr. J. A. Arnold, Mr. Flockton. Miss Dubois and Miss Gerard. Every Evening at 7.45. Preceded at 7, by RAISING THE WIND.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

Bishopsgate. The New and Magnificent Pantomime of OPEN SESAME; or, HARLEQUIN THE FORTY ROBBERS OF THE MAGIC CAVE. New Grand Pantomime Every Evening at 7. MORNING PERFORMANCES, Every Monday and Thursday, at 12.30, to which Children under 10 half-price. Box-office open 11 till 4. No Charge for Booking.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—ORPHEE AUX

ENFERS.—Every Evening at 8.0.—Triumphant success of Offenbach's chef d'œuvre.—Miss Kate Santley as Eurydice. Supported by Messrs. J. D. Stoyte, Hallam, Seymour, Kelleher; Mesdames Rose Cullen, Ella Collins, and a brilliant company. Enthusiastic reception of THE THREE CONSPIRATORS, in which Miss Kate Santley sings her popular song, "Nobody Know" (encored nightly); a French café chantant song, "A la Theresa" (encored three times); a Swiss "Jodel" song (encored four times), etc. Mr. Stoyte and Mr. Beyer, every evening at 10. LISCHEN AND FRITZCHEN, at 7.30. Prices, 6d. to £3 3s.

SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHI-

THEATRE. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD. LAST TWO WEEKS OF THE PANTOMIME. PERFORMANCE Every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at 2.0, and EVERY EVENING at 7.0.

Fourth Scene—"The Palace of the Queen of Nations." THE GRAND CONFERENCE, in which Representatives of all Her Majesty's Dominions will present themselves, together with "Horses and Animals from all explored parts of the World." The Messrs. Sanger consider themselves fully justified in challenging the entire profession to produce the novelty and magnificence displayed in this "Great Scene."—Prices from 6d. to 4s. Private Boxes, from £1 1s. to 5 guineas. Office open daily.

SANGER'S NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.

—LAST TWO WEEKS OF THE PANTOMIME. GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCES, EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at 2; and EVERY EVENING at 7.—The Great Equestrian Company and the Grand Pantomime. Manager, Mr. Sidney Cooper; Stage Manager, Mr. H. Bertrand.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—

SOLE PROPRIETOR—MR. GEORGE CONQUEST.
Dancing in the New Hall.

NOTICE.—A MORNING PERFORMANCE of the PANTOMIME will take place every Monday and Wednesday at Half-past One.—On MONDAY and Every evening, at 7.15, the Grand New Pantomime, by Messrs. George Conquest and Henry Spry, entitled GRIM GOBLIN; or, HARLEQUIN OCTOPUS, the DEVIL FISH. Supported by Mr. George Conquest, Messrs. Herbert Campbell, Geo. Conquest, jun., Henry Nicholls, Vincent; Mdlles. Du Maurier, Victor, Denvil, Inch, Sisters Claremont, &c. A Wondrous Fight Scene, by Mr. George Conquest and Son, introducing new Jumps, Leaps, Dives, &c. To be followed by the Harlequinade.—Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole

Proprietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening, at 6.45, the Highly Successful Pantomime, called TURLUTUTU; or, THE THREE ENCHANTED HATS. Mrs. S. Lane, Mr. Fred Foster, Miss Pollie Randall, Messrs. Bigwood, Lewis, Drayton, Fox, Rhoyds, Reeve, Pitt, Parry, Hyde. Mdlles. Summers, Rayner, Mrs. Newham. Mdlles. Fanny Kosina and Theresa Lupino. Harlequinade by the Lupino Troupe. Concluding with CHLORIS. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Jackson. Mdlles. Adams, Bellair, Brewer.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll-

street, Oxford Circus, W.—EVERY EVENING, the Hippodramatic Spectacle of TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK, and the "Death of Black Bess," introducing the best trained mare in Europe. The First Appearance of the Brothers Huline, the inimitable musical grotesques, together with the Excelsior Troupe of Equestrians, Gymnasts, and Clowns. Open at 7, commencing at 7.30.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE.—Positively

the LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE of CINDERELLA, THIS DAY (SATURDAY), Feb. 17.

SECOND WEEK OF "A NIGHT SURPRISE."

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, MATCHED AND MATED. By F. C. Burnand, Music by German Reed. After which, a new musical sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled SPRING'S DELIGHTS, and A NIGHT SURPRISE, by W. Cromer; Music by German Reed. Mrs. German Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Leonora Braham, Mr. Corney Grain, Mr. A. Law, and Mr. Alfred Reed. Every Evening, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8; morning representations every Thursday and Saturday at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s. Can be secured in advance, without fee.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM-PLACE, OXFORD-CIRCUS.

MISS VIOLA DACRE (late Theatre Royal,

Brighton). Theatre Royal Norwich, February 19th, for Twelve Nights. Specially engaged by H. W. Pitt, Esq., for Tour. All letters addressed to "Holly Mount," West Hill, Wandsworth.

MISS HEATH'S PROVINCIAL TOUR,

Accompanied by Mr. WILSON BARRETT'S COMPANY, suspended during Miss Heath's Engagement at the PRINCESS'S THEATRE, LONDON. The Company (re-arranged) will travel with "THE SHAUGHRAUN," and appear at

GAIETY THEATRE, WEST HARTLEPOOL, Six Nights.

All letters to be addressed to Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Princess's Theatre, London.

Agent, Mr. LEE ANDERSON. Acting Manager, Mr. MORRIS ARONS.

GLASGOW AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

ANNUAL SHOW

of CLYDESDALE THOROUGH-BRED AND ROADSTER STALLIONS,

in the CATILE MARKET, GLASGOW,

on TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 27.

The society will choose two Clydesdale horses for the Glasgow district. Premiums £100 each. The best horse receiving in addition a Silver Medal. A medal will also be given to the best three year old Clydesdale. Premium for thorough-bred horse to serve in the district next season, £100.

Premium for roadster stallion to remain in district, £50.

For particulars, apply to the Secretary.

Entries close February 21.

By order of the Directors.

MARK MARSHALL, Secy.

116, St. Vincent-street, Glasgow, February 7, 1877.

MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.

"It may justly be called the Perfection of Prepared Cocoa."—British Medical Press.

"Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the MARAVILLA COCOA above all others."—Globe.

Sold in tin-lined packets only by Grocers. TAYLOR BROTHERS, London, Sole Proprietors.

ARISTOCRATIC AND DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.

In next week's number will appear the second portrait of the above series, viz. :—

MRS. MONCKTON,

to be followed, on Saturday the 3rd of March, with a portrait of THE HONORABLE MRS. GEORGE WROTTESELEY, with biographical notices by LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

NEXT WEEK'S NUMBER

OF THE

ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS,

will contain the following, amongst other Engravings, a Portrait of Mrs. Monckton.—A Forfarshire "Meet" at Anniston. (By J. Sturgess.)—Scene from "Richard III." at the Lyceum Theatre. (By D. H. Friston.)—The Indian Trophies of the Prince of Wales. (By R. H. Moore.)—Our Captious Critic at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Scene from the new Play, "L'Hetman," at Paris.—Some Celebrities of the Musical World.—A Page of Sketches. (By A. H. Wall.)—Famous Players of the Past Century: Mr. Oxberry.—Emotional Dogs.—Sketches from the Tomb of Auber.—Spring Time.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

NOW ON VIEW, and FOR SALE from
11 till 5 Daily.

ADMISSION BY PRESENTING ADDRESS CARD.

THE

ORIGINAL PICTURES, DRAWINGS, & SKETCHES,
BY ARTISTS OF THE
ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND
DRAMATIC NEWS,

Including examples by

JOHN STURGESS, F. BARNARD, MATT STRETCH, DOWER
WILSON, H. PETHERICK, H. FURNISS, and Others.

Also fine proofs on plate paper for framing of the principal
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THE GALLERY,

ATTACHED TO THE OFFICES OF

"THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS,"
148, STRAND, LONDON.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY (the Largest
in London), New Bond-street, will Open in APRIL NEXT, for the
Exhibition of PICTURES by Eminent Artists. Admission, One Shilling.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1877.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

MR. J. BARNES, of the Opera Comique, informs a friend of ours that Mr. Bancroft was so delighted with his performance of the part of Joseph Surface, on the occasion of Madame Dolaro's benefit, that Mr. Bancroft sent him a letter to the effect that "he (Mr. J. Barnes) was the best Joseph Surface he ever saw."

THE Southampton papers mention the death, at the good old age of eighty-eight, of a seaman, said to have been the last survivor of the Shannon. This is a mistake. At least one of the crew of that vessel, and a participator in the action with the Chesapeake, in 1813, is a survivor yet. This veteran is Mr. Thomas O'Connor, now in his eighty-fifth year; and it may be mentioned that, shortly after his return to England, he earned the public thanks of the inhabitants and authorities of Chatham by saving that town from destruction by fire. Seeing that an old house stood directly in the way of the spreading flames, he asked to be allowed his own course in the proceeding; and, his application being granted, he called together all the sailors in the port, passed a ship's hawser round the building, and, with the aid of a fiddler to keep time, pulled it bodily down.

"CLERICUS," a correspondent of the *Bicycling News*, while deploring the fact that "the Ariel ladies' bicycle has not turned out a success," feels sure that "the Safety would form a good foundation upon which to build one suitable for ladies' use." Well, safety ought to be the foundation, in any case. "Clericus" looks forward with a feeling of premature exultation to the day when enterprise and skill shall have triumphed over the difficulties which at present interfere with Bicycling for Ladies. "Who can doubt," he exclaims, "that in a few years' time all obstacles will be broken down, and ladies will accompany us upon bicycles?" Who can doubt? Why any right-minded person who is gifted with a grain of sense, or a decent regard for the opinion of Mrs. Grundy. Lady-bicyclists! The idea is too appalling. How would "Clericus" attire his lady-bicyclists?

ON the occasion of Miss Alice May's benefit at the Theatre Royal, Belfast, she received a touching proof of her power over the too-susceptible heart of a native bard, printed on white satin, and signed "S.K.C." The following stanzas will afford some slight evidence of the nature of his malady:—

So thou, O Queen-star of Song!
Mid thy satellite sisters of night,
Reign'st peerless, and lead'st them along
With thy music and light.

Our souls, at the light of thy face
As at sunlight, awake and rejoice:
And our spirits are filled with the grace
Of thy heavenly voice.

Immortal, serene over Death,
In our souls where thy loveliness dwells.
Thou art crowned, Song-Queen, with a wreath
Of Love's immortelles.

"MOODY AND SANKEY," says an American paper, "began their revival meetings at the new tabernacle in Boston, yesterday afternoon. The building, which seats 6,000, was filled. It is estimated that there were 10,000 unable to gain admission." Was it? Who made the estimate? It is a melancholy fact that when the two evangelists respectively preached and howled in the East-end of London, they frequently performed to a "beggarly

account of empty boxes." On those occasions, however, it was estimated that there were upwards of 3,000,000 of persons unable to gain admission, for the simple reason that they preferred to remain outside.

THEY have a way of expressing their disapproval at "variety entertainments" in Holloway which is delightfully American. In reference to a recent performance at Holloway Hall, the local reporter says: "At the close, chairs were hurled about, and the complaints from persons injured were numerous." We shouldn't wonder.

THE annual of farce of closing the shutters of the theatres on Ash Wednesday was successfully performed by the Lord Chamberlain two days since. Doubtless—we are not aware whether such was the case—the annual protest against his lordship's fatuity was made at Greenwich, where "Jack Sheppard" is the fashionable Ash Wednesday piece. Mr. Toole went to Nottingham, and Mr. Irving, who finds "Richard III." aught but a fatiguing part, spent his holiday at Birmingham, reading "Macbeth." ("Thrift, thrift, Horatio.") The Folly company went to Brighton, and on their return learnt to their great surprise and delight that *Truth* thought "Robinson Crusoe" funny. Before *Truth* existed we not only expressed a similar opinion, but ventured to predict that the piece would run.

DOCTORS differ, and, let us hope, agree amicably in doing so. But it is rather a serious thing with us who are not doctors, that the laws of health should be a chaos of open questions. When a dose of physic only was the cause of difference it did not so very much matter, because we could throw the nauseous compound out of window; but now that the disputants have got so far as to quarrel over our food, it is unpleasant to feel that whatever we swallow must certainly be, according to some medicine-man or other, desperately injurious. There was that alarming discussion about preserved meats, which was never settled, after all the pompous fuss made over it; and more recently a medical gentleman, named Griffiths (no doubt a safe man), wrote a letter to prove that we are all going to diabetes through tinned milk. Yet another physician, who is not generally considered an unsafe man, being no other than Dr. Dempsey, now with the Turkish army at Trebinge, writes to a philanthropic peer in London, saying, "In my opinion, if your lordship could send a quantity of the various extracts of meat, some preserved milk, together with medicines and other necessities, you would confer as great a blessing as could be bestowed on a suffering people." But then, perhaps, diabetes has no power upon a Mussulman. In that case, let us all turn Turks, and ask contemptuously, Who's Griffiths?

MISS AGNES LARKCOM.

THE popular soprano, whose attractive "counterfeit presentment" adorns the front page of the present number, has succeeded in the space of a remarkably brief career in reaching a position of singular eminence in her profession. She was born at the quiet town of Reading, and is—this fact must not be produced with the paper in which it is given against her in after years—just out of her teens. At a very tender age her voice and love of music attracted attention, and she was sent at the proper time to study under Manuel Garcia in the Royal Academy of Music. From the moment Miss Larkcom entered the Academy, it became evident that if she made up her mind to work, a high place in the profession which she had adopted was hers. In due time she obtained the Westmoreland Scholarship, the Silver Medal and Diploma of Merit at the Academy; and in 1875 the first prize at the National Music Meetings of the Crystal Palace—awarded by Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Cusius, and Signor Ardit, who were the judges on the occasion. Until the last series of the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts Miss Larkcom had not been heard much in London, but her season there of twenty-six nights sufficed to establish her reputation with the crowds that thronged the immense theatre. After her first song she was recalled five times, and every night she appeared subsequently to her debut her success was similarly distinguished. It may be added that Miss Larkcom's part in the concerts of the Crystal and Alexandra Palace has never failed to add largely to the attraction of those entertainments. In those parts of the country which she has visited she is immensely popular, and her popularity both there and elsewhere is rapidly augmenting. Her repertoire is extensive, and embraces sacred as well as secular music. Her range in the former includes the principal soprano parts in the "Messiah," "Creation," "St. Paul," "Woman of Samaria," Mozart's 12th Mass, Haydn's Imperial Mass, the "Seasons," Handel's "Jephtha, &c., &c." Perhaps Miss Larkcom's most brilliant successes which she has achieved in secular music are "Casta Diva," which she sang in the Crystal Palace competition—"I have been with the Rose," with variations arranged for her by Sir Julius Benedict, "Lo, hear the gentle lark!" and a number of operatic things. Florid music perhaps suits Miss Larkcom best. With regard to her future, she is young enough, and we might almost say capable enough to reasonably aspire to any position in her art, however elevated, but report says that Miss Larkcom is not grievously afflicted by the last infirmity of noble minds. She had offers of operatic engagements from Italy and America, but her present intention is to confine herself to concerts. Miss Larkcom has been engaged to accompany the Lemmens-Sherrington party on their tour in March, to sing in Bach's "Passion," the "Hymn of Praise," and the "Stabat Mater." There is also a probability of her subsequently going with Mr. W. Pyatt's party, which group will include Mr. Sims Reeves. In that and all her engagements we heartily wish her that full measure of success which, as a vocalist of great excellence, and perhaps greater promise, is undoubtedly her due.

SPORT IN THE MOUNTAINS.

"AUF! AUF!" (up, up) cries the keeper, who arouses you for a day's sport amongst the Bavarian mountain tops. "Up! up!" he repeats impatiently, reminding you of the hours of hard walking in the early morning, which must precede the commencement of a day's "sport in the mountains." Anon you are "Auf!" A pull at the schnapps precedes the slinging of guns over broad shoulders, the woodsman lights his lantern, and away you go through the darkness of the lonely pine forests, now following a rugged path, now slipping and stumbling over loose stones amidst boulders and rocks, puffing and blowing as you struggle on after the sturdy keeper, and the lantern-bearing woodsman, whose pipes gleam spark-like near their noses, and whose seemingly sluggish and sauntering, although in reality, regular and plodding

steps, are evidently the result of familiarity with the way, and scientifically adapted to its nature. Although it is a summer morning, in these elevated regions the air is raw and chilly, as you feel when perspiring and breathless with the steep ascent you accept the keeper's invitation to sit down and rest awhile, and with a shiver button your (but now too warm) Tyrolean coat over your heaving chest. Presently a hearty breakfast rewards your progress, and soon after the beaters are at work opening a day's exciting sport amongst the stags and chamois for yourselves and the merry companion you have joined at the appointed place of meeting. We have not space wherein to dwell upon the perils of that day, the "barkings," scratches, and bruises, of the falls, and other petty accidents; the boldness and nimbleness displayed by the hardy mountaineers, whose activity and strength frequently move your admiring wonder, &c. You have shot your chamois, or stag, and the beaters sling it to one of the poles prepared for conveying it to the spot represented in our artist's drawing, where a horse is in waiting for its more expeditious conveyance home, where refreshments await you, and new arrivals join your jolly party.

"THE WRENCH."

OUR coursing sketch, from the able pencil of Mr. Moore, illustrates one of those crafty tricks whereby poor puss so often unexpectedly escapes the ravenous jaws of her all too fleet pursuers. Her coublings, and crossings, and rapid turns have, so far, failed, and the hot, panting breath of the pursuers intensify the agony of the hunted animal's proverbial fear, when—presto! a sudden half twist, technically known as a "wrench," throws the brace of greyhounds out, and gives poor puss another chance for life.

"CZAR."

"CZAR," the royal carriage horse, was a prominent performer in the recent ceremony of opening Parliament, and was drawn for this paper by Mr. Sturgess, with the special sanction of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. In addition to its claim upon our readers' attention as Royal property, it has equal importance, as an illustration by virtue of its fine physical appearance and qualities.

CLERKS OF THE COURSE.

No III.—THE LATE MR. JOHN F. VERRALL.

The gentleman, whose portrait now takes its place in our series of Clerks of the Course, died but a few days since, cut off in the prime of life by that terrible and mysterious disease, cancer. He was born on the 24th of January, 1836, and commenced his connection with the Turf when he was but seventeen years of age. In 1853, he headed the affairs of the "Racing Indicator," and by the energy, ability, and spirit he infused into his work, largely increased its circulation. In 1858, the management of Lewes Races fell into his hands, and here again zeal and ability were rewarded with a large degree of success. Two or three years afterwards, he became Clerk of the Course, and part proprietor of Croydon Steeplechases, and meeting after meeting fell one by one under his guidance. His name will be indelibly associated with the suburban meetings which have of late been so warmly discussed, for to him the majority of them, with the exception of Sandown Park, owe their existence. At the time of his widely and deeply regretted death he was clerk of the course at Lewes, Croydon, Canterbury, Chelmsford, Streatham, Oxford, and Abingdon, whilst, as handicapper, his services were in request at Bromley, Kingsbury, and Southdown Hunt. Mr. Verrall was a keen sportsman, and in 1857 and 1858 figured in the Calendar as an owner of racehorses. None of his horses ever gained much distinction, the best being Volatore, who once gave Gemma di Vergy some trouble in catching the judge's eye, and Gitana, whose public performances never anything like equalled her private trials. Mr. Verrall also took a lively interest in cricket, and for years was a member of committee of the Surrey County Club, while of the drama there were few more enthusiastic patrons. His collection of works on the drama, and prints illustrative of its celebrities and history, being very large, choice, and exceedingly interesting.

Mr. Verrall lived in London till 1862, when he removed to Ringwood in Sussex. There he resided till September, 1866, at which time he took possession of the Mulberries, Denmark Hill, where he breathed his last. He leaves behind him a widow and six children, three boys and three girls, the eldest being sixteen years of age and the youngest four and a half years. His remains were interred in Norwood Cemetery.

By Mr. Verrall's death a blank has been created in the metropolitan racing circles which will not be easily filled up. He was a model clerk of the course. No one knew better the attributes which went to the formation of a successful meeting, and few possessed a more hearty manner and genial disposition. To all classes of the racing community was he endeared, and by many more than those who enjoyed his immediate friendship will his death be mourned and his loss be felt.

AN AMATEUR PERFORMANCE.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—In your last issue, your dramatic critic, after lavishing an unusual amount of notice upon an amateur performance given at St. George's Theatre on the 30th December last, in aid of the widow and orphans of the late Frederick Barnard, appears firstly to have fallen into error as regards names, and, secondly, to have been self-contradictory as to the merits of the entertainment. Miss Florence Hall, whose acting was highly commended, did not appear, her substitute being Miss Lavis, a deservedly popular actress, and while writing, I may state, that the arrangements were under my own supervision, the stage management having been kindly undertaken by Mr. George Barrett, of the Globe Theatre.

Having invited criticism, I do not, of course, object to any expressions of opinion, all of which I accept with becoming respect, but I cannot refrain from expressing my belief that your representative was somewhat hypercritical in his observations. Trusting to your fairness for the insertion of this letter, I am, yours, &c.
154, Piccadilly, W. 1st Feb., 1877. LEWIS HARRIS.

THE Prince of Wales is about to visit the Earl of Shannon, at his hunting quarters, near Cirencester, for a few days' sport with the Vale of White Horse Hounds.

WESTON IN EDINBURGH.—On Monday last, in the large hall of the Royal Gymnasium, Edinburgh, Mr. Edward Payson Weston, the distinguished pedestrian, commenced a walk of 330 miles (including 3 miles backwards), which he proposes to accomplish in six days. He is to remain 12 hours on the track per day, and in that time to walk 55 miles (including one half-mile backwards). His first walk he covered in 11h 57m 30s, taking 23m 30s for his longest mile (in which he did his half-mile backwards). His time for shortest mile was 11m. On Tuesday he again covered his distance within the specified time, having 1m 30s to spare.



SAYNTE VALENTINE, HYS DAYE.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY AT THE STAGE DOOR

MUSIC.

(All Music sent for review will be noticed within one month after its arrival.)

RICHARD WAGNER.

LAST year the sayings and doings of Richard Wagner occupied an inordinate share of public attention, and he has already begun operations which have for their object a renewal of the Bayreuth fever. A few weeks back we published some particulars respecting the appeal made by Wagner, last New Year's Day, to the directors of the various Wagner Societies, and as the subject is one of the greatest interest to musical amateurs, we propose to offer a few remarks upon it. These will be fully prefaced by a reprint of Wagner's letter, recently printed in extenso by *The Monthly Musical Record*, one of the most valuable among our musical contemporaries. The italics are ours.

"BAYREUTH, Jan. 1st. 1877.

"TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE WAGNER SOCIETIES.—Conscious of the satisfactory impression produced upon the greater part of the audience at last year's festival plays, I was impelled towards a repetition and continuation of the work begun. I could not, however, help seeing that, in order to maintain the distinctive character of the undertaking in its integrity, I ought to revert to my original plans.

"After the depreciating accounts circulated at the outset by a considerable part of the press had been satisfactorily refuted, the success of the performances proved such that an enterprising speculator might have made a handsome profit out of further subsequent repetitions thereof. That which prevented such repetitions was by no means the impossibility of keeping the executants at Bayreuth for any greater length of time, but rather the irresistible conviction that in offering our performances to a merely paying public, we should diverge completely from the course to which I had originally pledged myself towards the patrons of our undertaking. And it is this very consideration which still makes me hesitate to announce a repetition of the festival plays this year, or to offer tickets of admission to them at a certain price, though my business friends hold that such tickets would sell easily and quickly at the reduced rate they could now be offered at.

"To explain my repugnance towards such a plan, I may refer to my first published address to my friends concerning Bayreuth, wherein, after explaining the characteristics of the proposed performances more minutely, I addressed my acquaintance and such of the public as were inclined to uphold the artistic tendencies of my undertaking. Through their steadfast support I had the satisfaction to find the necessary means for the inauguration as well as in part for the execution of the scheme placed at my disposal. Yet, in the end, I found myself compelled, by untoward circumstances, to have recourse to the curiosity of the general public, and to allow tickets of admission to be offered for sale. By doing this, my work, as well as the artists who so generously devoted their powers to its execution, was placed in a false light, through which both it and they suffered equally. And hence arose the misconception that I was trying to force the work, and the peculiar mode of its execution, upon the operatic public in general, whereas my intention, clearly and frequently expressed, was solely to offer it to its well-wishers and promoters. I therefore consider myself justified in simply returning to my original plans, as I can on no account further place the true supporters of my undertaking in the same category as those who wish to hinder its influence. I owe this to the artists as much as to our lay friends, whom I have always wished to draw into a sphere of artistic intercourse which should be exempt from the abuses of the usual operatic performances. We are, however, still occupied in developing the novel style. We have to remove defects on all sides, to make amends for imperfections which inevitably accrue to so new and very complicated a task. The experiences at Bayreuth, which I hope may prove important for the German stage, should not take place in the presence of those who look on them with hostile incapacity. If we are to constitute the true practical school for dramatic musical performances, we ought to be conscious that we are amongst such as sympathise and strive with us. Regarding this point, my views have been understood from the very beginning by those who proceed to organise the societies for the furtherance of my object; and though these societies could not raise all the material support requisite for the ultimate accomplishment of their aim, they have nevertheless formed the moral basis of the whole enterprise. I therefore turn to these hitherto efficacious societies with a wish that they may invite the further friends of my art to form a Society of Patrons for the maintenance of the Festival Plays at Bayreuth.

"The name I give to this society explains its object. It will not have to participate, as my patrons have hitherto done, in laying the foundation of the entire scheme by building the theatre and furnishing the stage accessories, but will have to devote its efforts towards the attainment of yearly repetition, continuation, and extension, in the manner I have elsewhere indicated. According to a plan which remains to be discussed in detail, the society would take up a thousand seats at a hundred marks (£5) each for the three annual performances, and these seats should only be issued to members in accordance with the society's rules.

"As, moreover, it has always been my intention to offer a larger number of free seats, particularly to young and deserving persons of insufficient means, and as the choice of such is connected with considerable difficulty, it appears to me that at this point some proper means and ways for a combination between the Government authorities and the society could be found.

"Already in my earliest communications I pointed towards the final participation of the authorities of the empire as the return I hoped and called for, as soon as I should have succeeded, by means of the first performance of my work, in placing the peculiar character of our artistic tendencies in a clear light. As I may now hope that discerning men of the German nation, like certain Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Americans, have made up their minds to a just estimate of my doings, I may permit myself to hope that the general society of patrons will address the German Reichstag with a request for ample support of the annual festival plays. To ensure success, an endowment should consist of 200,000 marks (£25,000) per annum, with which sum the corresponding number of seats would be acquired, and disposed of in favour of those whom the Imperial Government might choose. This single measure on the part of the Government would be best adapted to the idea of nationalising the whole undertaking, and therefore for the first time a stamp of national significance would be impressed on a theatrical institution, as well as upon its administration. For thus the Government would be interested in the preservation of the original character of a theatrical institution differing widely from all other similar institutions, as it would be interested in keeping the administrative arrangement free from any taint of pecuniary speculation, and solely devoted to the furtherance of artistic aims.

"It would lead me too far now already to submit proposals concerning such a future administration, as all this could be settled quickly and easily by persons who care for the thing itself, and not for any pecuniary advantage. But I would, in conclusion, express an earnest wish that preliminary steps be taken at once to organise a meeting of delegates of the Wagner Societies hitherto existing, with a view to furthering our object.

RICHARD WAGNER."

We have no desire to unduly depreciate the writer of this letter, and our pages have often contained acknowledgments of merits which his music has exhibited; but we venture to ask whether he has accomplished anything which can justify the pretensions he puts forward? His *Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*—particularly the last-named—deserve the favourable reception they have met with in this country. Although disfigured by crudities, and occasionally wearisome from the absence of vocal melody, they contain many passages of striking beauty, and while inferior to the masterpieces of the great composers, they entitle their author to a distinguished place among modern musicians. These works are, however, disdained by Wagner, as lamentable weaknesses of those earlier days when he partially acknowledged the operatic value of that gift of melody with which he has been but scantily endowed; and his recent appeal is made on behalf of the theories illustrated by his latest works, in which vocal melody occupies a subordinate position, and gives place to interminable recitatives, explanatory of the instrumentation performed by the all-important orchestra. That in these latest works many beauties are apparent no one wishes to deny, but it cannot be denied that they are mainly constructed on the theory just described. Was the result of the Bayreuth Festival performances of these recent works such as to justify Richard Wagner in his assumption of the (unproven) fact that the depreciating accounts given by a considerable portion of the Press have been "satisfactorily refuted"? Is it not, rather, the fact that the most eminent musical critics of Germany, England, France, and Italy, while sedulously availing themselves of every opportunity to bestow approbation, concurred in condemnation of the kind of works which Wagner attempted to substitute for opera. The best critics of his own country were no less condemnatory than his foreign judges; and the most trenchant and triumphant exposures of the fallacies of his theories were made by Herr Hanslick, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, musical critic of our time.

That adverse criticism of modern Wagnerism could be "satisfactorily refuted" by the enthusiastic plaudits of the Wagnerites who flocked to the Bayreuth Festival will hardly be admitted by dispassionate judges.

Wagner says it is a misconception to suppose that he wished to bring his work before the operatic public, as he wished "solely to offer it to its well-wishers and promoters." He is too shrewd not to see the absurdity of this pretence. How were "well-wishers and promoters" to be obtained unless by means of publicity? The Wagner Societies appealed to the general public to attend concerts at which Wagner's music alone was performed, and thus sought to obtain proselytes and "promoters." An audience restricted to well-wishers must gradually dwindle to extinction, unless replenished by continual additions, and the publicity which Wagner professes to deprecate is essential to the vitality of Wagnerism. Publicity, however, involves criticism, and those who are invited or permitted to witness a new form of musical entertainment will naturally express their opinions upon it. If these opinions were always favourable to him, Wagner would have little dislike to publicity. He is willing to enjoy its sweets, but shudders at its penalties; and rather than court the impartial opinion of the general public prefers to give his musical performances, like another Nero, surrounded by flatterers, and safely guarded against the intrusion of unprejudiced and honest criticism. Later on, he speaks of those who examine his works "with hostile incapacity." The phrase is ambiguous, but he evidently means to say that his "hostile" critics are incapable of judging his works; and he subsequently says that "discerning men" have made up their minds to a "just estimate" of his doings. It is evident that he is blinded by conceit, or he would not thus invite a comparison between his secondary position as a composer, and the supreme rank in criticism which belongs to the long array of leading European critics who have felt it their duty to speak of his works, as a whole, with disfavour. Why should critics be "hostile" to Wagner? What right has he to pretend that a score of the most eminent writers on music, gathered from every civilised country, and mostly strangers to each other, banded themselves together into a league of hostility to Wagnerism? It is apparently impossible for him to realise the fact that he may be in the wrong, and that his theories may need revision. He starts with the axiom, "Richard Wagner's theories are above criticism!" and having laid down the corollary that "Richard Wagner's theories are entitled to the admiration of every impartial, capable, and honest judge," he cannot account for the recent large expression of unfavourable opinion except as the result of "hostility." In this lamentable state of delusion he resembles the Lunatic who protested that he was perfectly sane. "But if you are sane," said some one to him, "how is it that you are confined in a madhouse?" "Brutal injustice!" was the reply. "I said that mankind were all mad. Mankind said that I was mad. Mankind proved too strong for me, and here I am. But mankind are all mad, and I alone am sane!"

That the vanity of Richard Wagner has become a disease with alarming symptoms, may be deduced from his astounding arrogance in placing himself above the great composers of Germany. He proposes that the State shall grant £5000 per annum, not for the purpose of performing the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Gluck, Beethoven, Schubert, Weber and Mendelssohn, but for the purpose of "nationalising the whole undertaking" at Bayreuth by purchasing 1,000 £5 admissions every year, for distribution among deserving students, &c. Surely it will be time enough to talk of "nationalising" Wagnerism when the German nation has adopted Wagner's views. At present, he has only a small following, and were it not for the pecuniary aid bestowed by an eccentric if not crazy monarch, Wagnerism would ere this have been extinct. The Germans have plenty of common sense, and they will not be deluded by the simulated raptures of a small body of musical fanatics, who profess to find the unmelodious Wagnerian opera preferable to the models which have long delighted mankind.

Our chief object in discussing the subject has been to put English amateurs on their guard against the attacks which are likely to be made on their purses by the Wagnerite agencies. Judging from past experience and present indications it is likely that "the hat will be sent round" very actively this season. Let musical amateurs remember that in subscribing towards the Bayreuth performances they will be aiding the production of very different works from *The Flying Dutchman*. Those who are ignorant of Wagner's recent works would act unwisely in supporting theories which they might subsequently find condemnable. Those who, having heard the *Nibelungen Ring* wish music of that kind to supersede the existing forms of opera, have a right to support their opinions by pecuniary sacrifices. Unfortunately there are always a number of persons to be found, who desire to be thought more advanced in enlightenment than their neighbours, and who profess an enthusiasm which they do not really feel for works which the majority of mankind declare to be incomprehensible. This kind of cant deserves no mercy, for it is infectious, and one enthusiastic wiseacre breeds many more. Hypocrisy, and faint heartedness in the expression of opinion, have done great injury to art. The love of melody is inherent in every human breast, and they who espouse theories which virtually combat this fact repudiate the laws of Nature. Let those who speak on the subject say what they really think, and the scanty number of Wagnerites will grow scantier every day. Theories are self-condemned which cannot bear the light of day, but are reserved for holes and corners, and packed audiences of "discerning men." Such are evidently the theories referred to in Richard Wagner's letter, which is a singular compound of arrogance, pusillanimity, and wilful misrepresentation.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE 14th Saturday Concert, given at the Crystal Palace, on Saturday last, presented one feature to which we feel bound to object. This was the "orchestral arrangement," by Liszt, of Schubert's pianoforte fantasia in C, op. 15. Liszt is a great pianist, but has not proved himself a great orchestral composer, although he has tried hard to acquire that distinction. He has chiefly distinguished himself, as an orchestral writer, by the unwarrantable liberties he has taken with the works of great composers. His own lengthy compositions have attracted little notice; but his invasions of other men's domains have aroused attention, and have provoked indignant protests. His conversion of Weber's polonaise in F into an orchestral concerto was denounced by an able critic as an instance of "astounding impudence." Strange to say, the same writer, when engaged to write analytical programmes for the Albert Hall Concerts, put forward an apology for Liszt's interference with the work of Schubert; and this apology was reprinted in the programme of last Saturday's concert. He says:—

"Whether one musician has a right to take the completed works of another and deal with them as he pleases, is a question which may not be discussed here. Admitting that the act is excusable under any circumstances, a good deal may be pleaded in excuse of the example before us. To begin with, the fantasia of Schubert invites an orchestral arrangement by its structure and general character. This fact, by itself, goes for little, but conjoined with the other fact, that Liszt has done his work of arrangement in an effective manner, it makes up a case which goes far to abate the anger of those who are laudably jealous for the integrity of a great man's artistic remains. It should be added that, while Liszt has largely changed the pianoforte part, he has faithfully respected the themes and forms of the work. He has arranged merely, making no additions of his own, taking

nothing of Schubert's away, and treating the piano less as a solo instrument than as a member of the orchestra."

Concurring with what the writer of the foregoing paragraph formerly said on the subject, we deny that any musician "has a right to take the completed works of another and deal with them as he pleases." We deny that the "example before us" affords any excuse for usurpations of this kind. We deny that Schubert's fantasia "invites an orchestral arrangement." Had that been the opinion of Schubert, it would have been orchestrally arranged by him. We utterly deny that "Liszt has done his work of arrangement in an effective manner," unless by this is meant the transmutation of a symmetrical pianoforte piece into a noisy, vulgar and often discordant jumble, in which the pianoforte part is almost always overwhelmed by orchestral din, and Schubert is effectually suppressed. Why cannot Liszt let the works of other men alone, and prove his superiority by writing better works than theirs? The guardians of public taste are bound to resist insidious attempts to establish a principle which jeopardises the highest interests of art. If fourth-rate composers are permitted to deface the works of Weber and Schubert, a sign-painter may claim the right to "touch-up" the works of Titian and Murillo. The pianist was Mr. Walter Bache, an able player, who did his best for Schubert during the brief lulls in the orchestral tempest. In the *tutti* passages, Liszt was too much for him, and his manipulations of the unhappy piano—treated by Liszt "less as a solo instrument than as a member of the orchestra"—were visible, but inaudible. Let us hope that the Crystal Palace programmes may not again be sullied by the inclusion of such sorry stuff. Fortunately, Liszt has not yet rewritten Beethoven's fifth symphony, the magnificent "C minor," which was superbly played by the fine orchestra, and awakened the customary enthusiasm. Weber's lovely—and at present unimproved—overture to *Euryanthe*, the overture *Beatrice and Benedict*, by Berlioz, and a sarabande by Massenet were also performed. Mrs. Patey sang in finished style the beautiful contralto air, "Thy right hand," from Macfarren's *Resurrection*, and a débutante—Miss Nannie Louise Hart—attempted "Bel raggio" with small success. We must, nevertheless, protest against the unmanly and ungenerous hissing with which she was greeted by a portion of the audience when she received the usual recall to the platform. That Mr. Manns conducted with equal ability and zeal hardly needs to be added.

At this afternoon's concert Haydn's symphony in G will be performed. Mdle. Marie Krebs will be the pianiste, and Mdmes. Sterling and Lowe the vocalists.

HACKNEY CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

THIS society is now the foremost among the numerous suburban musical societies which are supported by our "unmusical" English folk, and its second subscription concert, given on Monday last at the noble Town Hall, Shoreditch, might be favourably compared, both as regards conception and execution, with those given by more pretentious institutions. The chief works selected for performance were Mendelssohn's music to *Athalie*, and the greater part of Schubert's music to the forgotten drama *Rosamunde*. The executants were the choir of the society, a body of 138 fine voices, and an orchestra of forty-five performers, mostly selected from the bands of the Operas and the Crystal Palace. Fourteen of the instrumentalists were amateurs belonging to the Association, and they acquitted themselves admirably, especially the amateur drummer, Mr. A. Cronchey, who fulfilled the difficult and responsible duties of his post with the skill and precision of a veteran performer. We may at once say that the entire performance merited warm approbation. The solo parts were efficiently sung by Mdles. M. Williams, Geddes, and Bolingbroke; the narrative was ably recited by Mr. C. Fry, and the conductor, Mr. Ebenezer Prout, was more than equal to his arduous duties. He not only indicated the *tempi* by a clear and unmistakable beat, but he ensured a sympathetic and intellectual rendering of the choral numbers by that faculty of identification of himself with his musical army which is a rare and invaluable gift, possessed by few conductors. Under his auspices, aided by an energetic committee and an indefatigable president (Mr. Bateman) the Hackney Choral Association has become an important musical centre; and so long as it follows its present course, and upholds the worship of true art, it can hardly miss the permanent success to which it is entitled.

THE WORLD AND THE TRUTH.

AN EPIGRAM.

BY H—— L——.

Oh, let us leave the *World*, my pen,
And henceforth stick to *Truth*;
Nor reel out yarns for worldly men,
And quips for gilded youth.
Alas! 'tis hard to break away
From darlings oil'd and cur'd!
The creatures will be sure to say
"Truth is another *World*!"

THE TEES TICKLER.

HEATING OF HOUSES.—The following interesting letters from Mr. Mechi, are copied from *The Times* of 25th and 30th of January. The firm referred to is the well-known house of Barnard, Bishop, & Barnards, of the Norfolk Iron Works, Norwich.

SLOW COMBUSTION STOVES.—GRATES.—Mr. J. Mechi, of Tiptree Hall, Kelvedon, Essex, writes:—"Some time ago your correspondent 'Another Country Parson,' suggested a reform in fire grates, and gave details of his experience. I have adopted his suggestion with very great comfort to myself and family, and think his system worthy of general use. Although very different from the fire-grate portion of ordinary stoves, it does not necessitate any alteration in the stove itself, so far as regards outward ornamentation. I have referred to 'Wye Williams on Combustion,' and 'Dr. Ure on Heating Apartments,' and find that their theories of perfect combustion are consistent with your correspondent's system, which is that air should not rush rapidly through the fire from beneath the grate, but that it should only pass in freely, but gradually, between the front bars, which are only half an inch thick and 1 1/4 in from bar to bar. The fire rests on fire-brick, level with the floor, and is enclosed in a trough (with fire brick sides and back) 16 in deep and 14 in wide, 4 1/2 in from back to front at bottom, and 5 1/2 in at top. We have thus a thin vertical fire, in which the air can circulate freely, presenting a frontage of fire 16 in by 14 in. I should be happy to forward printed details to any gentleman requiring them."—*Times*, January 25th.

GRATES.—Mr. Mechi, of Tiptree Hall, Kelvedon, writes to us:—"Another Country Parson's" fire-grate has excited much attention, for I have received in two days more than 200 letters on the subject, of which printed replies will be sent in a few days. Many of these letters are from hospitals, public schools, military and other public institutions, and I am indebted to Colonel Fielding for the following interesting confirmation:—"107, Queen's Gate, London,—with reference to your letter in *The Times* of to-day, I write to say that some three or four years ago I noticed in that paper the letter about grates, signed 'Another Country Parson.' I had three grates made at my country house, in Wilts, exactly in accordance with the instructions, and found them excellent in every way. I have since had similar grates put into the hospital of the Coldstream Guards, of which I am Colonel, and my object in troubling you with this note is simply to say that if any of your friends in London would wish to see the grates they can do so at any time by going to the Coldstream Guards' Hospital, in Vincent-square, as I have instructed the steward to show them to any one mentioning your name. Messrs. —, of Norwich, construct grates on exactly the same principles, I have just put 20 of them into this house. Please let me know for what sum you have been able to put up the parson's grates, as I have found it impossible here or in Wilts to get them for anything like the sum mentioned by the parson."—*Times*, January 30th. Messrs. Barnard, Bishop and Barnards have issued a descriptive catalogue which they send on application.

THE DRAMA.

WITH the exception of the production of two slight musical pieces, *The Three Conspirators* at the Royalty, on Saturday night, and *A Night Surprise* at the German Reed's Entertainment, on Monday, and the revival at Hengler's, on the same evening, of the Hippodramatic Spectacle of *Turpin's Ride to York*; or, *the Death of Black Bess*, the week has been comparatively uneventful at the theatres. These being obligatorily closed on Ash Wednesday, advantage was taken of holding on that evening the usual festival at Willis's Rooms in aid of THE DRAMATIC, EQUESTRIAN, AND MUSICAL SICK FUND; while Mr. Toole, as on former occasions, paid a flying visit to Nottingham, where he appeared "for his penitential performance," in two of his popular characters, "Billy Lackaday" and "Jack Strop," and Miss Lydia Thompson and her company migrated from The Folly to the Theatre Royal, Brighton, where they appeared, both in the afternoon and evening, in *Robinson Crusoe*.

The pantomimes and Christmas entertainments are gradually drawing to a close. *Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star*, one of the most attractive and successful pantomimes of the season, was represented for the last time on Saturday, at the Royal Aquarium Theatre, where Mr. and Mrs. Billington, Miss Meyrick, and their company terminated their engagement in the evening, appearing for the last time in *Heroes and Hen and Chickens*. The theatre has remained closed since, but in the spacious Aquarium grand vocal and instrumental concerts, and the usual miscellaneous entertainments, continue to be given each afternoon and evening. On Saturday night also were brought to a close the clever performances of Mr. Broekman's highly trained monkeys, dogs, ponies, &c. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by their children, were present at the last day representation on Saturday afternoon. This week terminates the pantomimes at the Crystal Palace, the Marylebone, and at Covent-garden, when the last representation of *Robinson Crusoe* takes place to-night, while *The Forty Thieves* will continue for two weeks longer at Drury-lane.

At Hengler's the fairy spectacle *Cinderella* was withdrawn from the evening programme on Saturday night, but in compliance with numerous requests it was determined to give two extra morning representations of this juvenile spectacle, the first of which took place on Thursday, and the final one this afternoon. Since Saturday night the place of *Cinderella* in the programme has been filled by the hippodramatic spectacle of *Turpin's Ride to York*; or, *the Death of Black Bess*, which was revived with great completeness and imposing effect. The arena is ingeniously converted into a series of scenes, in which the exciting action is carried on. Opening with the village of Kilburn, where Dick Turpin arrives on his celebrated mare "Black Bess" and encounters his friend, Tom King, for the apprehension of both of whom a large reward is offered; the constables soon reach the village and arrest Tom King, who, however, falls by the hand of Turpin, who takes flight on his thoroughbred mare, hotly pursued by the bearded and excited populace. The scene changes to the Hornsey turnpike-gate over which Black Bess carries her master, and on to the road-side inn near Stamford, where the faltering mare is revived by a refresher of beef steak, and again effectively aids in the escape of the "highwayman" until arriving at the gipsies' haunt, the faithful and sagacious mare, struggling in vain against exhausted nature, falls dead, to the consternation and despair of Turpin. The docility and high state of training of the noble black mare are exemplified in her performance throughout the action, in which she shows so much intelligence and sagacity, and especially in the final tableau, where, apparently dead, she allows herself to be placed on a bier improvised by the Gipsies, and on which they carry her round the arena in mournful procession. Mr. William Cooke enacts the part of Dick Turpin with considerable spirit and chivalrous bearing, and is well supported by Mr. Austin as Tom King, and Mr. F. C. Hengler as Ralph the ostler. The humorous element is abundantly supplied by Mr. J. Bridges as the beadle, Sharp-scent, and Little Sandy as his son, Sammy. The latter is the life and soul of the several scenes in the circle in which he appears, and still proves his claim to be styled "The Drollest of Drolls." The brothers Huline, who used to appear as juvenile clowns in the pantomimes at the Princess's with their father, the clever clown "Little Huline," enliven other of the scenes in the circle with their agility and grotesque performances, especially by their clever execution with musical hand-bells, and their singular adroitness with some half-dozen felt caps, which they fling from each other across the arena, and catch them in rotation unflinchingly on their heads.

At the Lyceum, where Mr. Henry Irving's Richard III. is drawing crowded houses every night, Sheridan Knowles's *Hunchback* was represented on Saturday afternoon with an effective cast. Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe), although somewhat too tragic and stilted in the more serious phases of the character, gave a very intelligent and womanly rendering of the rôle of Julia, and was ably supported by Mr. Swinburne, as Master Walter; Mr. Brooke, as Clifford; and Mr. Walter Bentley, as Cousin Modus; Mr. Stedman made an excellent Fathom; but the impersonation that found most favour with the crowded audience was that of the gay and coquettish Helen, by Miss Virginia Francis.

At the Gaiety matinée, on Saturday, Mr. Toole appeared in the popular parts of Paul Pry, and John Thomas in the farce of *That Blessed Baby*. The evening programmes here during the week continued the same as last week, and consisted of *Domestic Economy*, *Robert Macaire*, and *The Critic*.

At the Strand, in consequence of Mr. Clarke's illness, the two farcical comedies, *Among the Breakers* and *Toodles*, which, through the eccentric and broad comedy acting of Mr. J. S. Clarke, have drawn crowded audiences to this favourite theatre for several weeks past, were replaced on Thursday evening by *Rely on my Discretion*, and *A Lesson in Love*.

At the Globe, the last nights of *The Invisible Prince* are announced, as Miss Jennie Lee leaves to fulfil provincial engagements at the end of the month, when *Cora*, founded on *L'Article 47*, will be produced, with Mrs. Hermann Vezin in the principal character.

At the other theatres the current pieces remain fixtures, and at the majority are likely still to continue so for some time. *Follow the Leader*, *Pygmalion and Galatea*, and *Birds in their Little Nests Agree*—combination of three very interesting pieces—at the Haymarket; *The Shaughraun*, preceded by the children's pantomime, *Little Goody Two Shoes*, at the Adelphi; *Our Boys*, at the Vaudeville; *Peril*, at the Prince of Wales's; *New Men and Old Acres*, at the Court; *The Prompter's Box* and Byron's new burlesque, *The Bohemian G'ycl*, at the Opera Comique; *The Danisheffs*, at the St. James's; *On Bail*, at the Criterion; *Robinson Crusoe*, at the Folly; and *Fledermaus and The Fairies' Home*, at the Alhambra.

To-day's morning performances comprise *Sweethearts and Wives* at the Gaiety; *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville; *Peril* at the Prince of Wales's; *Robinson Crusoe* at the Folly; the fairy spectacle *Cinderella* (for the last time), at Hengler's, the pantomime at Covent Garden (also for the last time), and the pantomimes at Drury Lane, Sanger's and Surrey; and the German Reed's entertainment at the Gallery of Illustration.

To-night the late Mr. Watts Phillips's popular drama *Lost in London* will be revived at the Princess's in succession to Mr. Wills's historical play of *Jane Shore*, withdrawn last night. The

cast of the revival will include Mr. S. Emery in his original part of the broken-hearted Job Armoryd, who seeks and discovers his lost "Nelly" in the fashionable London drawing-room; Mr. W. Terriss, as Gilbert Featherstone; Mr. H. Jackson, in poor Belmore's character of the amorous groom and admirer of biceps, Benjamin Blinker; Miss Rose Coghlan, as the wanderer Nelly; Mrs. Alfred Mellon, as Teddy Draggelthorpe; and Fannie Leslie, as Florence. The drama will be preceded by the protean sketch, *A Day After the Fair*, and followed by a comic pantomime entitled *Robert Macaire*, supported by the Martinelli company.

STRAND THEATRE.—That most popular of comedians, Mr. John S. Clarke will re-appear, after a few day's illness, at this favourite theatre on Monday evening next, in *Babes and Beetles*, which is in reality an old friend in the shape of Tom Taylor's *Babes in the Wood*. The management of the Strand must now be added to that of the Globe, Olympic, and Criterion for the responsibility of the baneful system of changing the names of well worn pieces.

On Monday evening Mr. Tom Taylor's comedy, *Nine Points of Law*, in three acts, in which Miss Lydia Thompson will appear, will be produced at the Folly.

On Wednesday afternoon Mr. Byron's new burlesque, *The Bohemian G'ycl*, now being played nightly at the Opera Comique, will be represented for the first time at the Gaiety, preceded by *Pampered Menials*.

ROYALTY.

A LITTLE musical piece styled on the bills a "Musical Drillery," and entitled *The Three Conspirators*, was produced here on Saturday evening in succession to *Happy Hampstead*, withdrawn the previous night. Although new to London, *The Three Conspirators* has been frequently and successfully played in the provinces by Miss Kate Santley, for whom it was specially written by Mr. Alfred Thompson. The texture of the little piece is very slight, and its sole object, like that of *Jenny Loved at Last*, is to display the versatility of the leading lady vocalist. Victoria, the niece of one Montmorenski, a dramatic agent, is stage struck and ambitious to enter the profession, to which her uncle is altogether opposed, as he does not believe she possesses the requisite ability. The young lady soon convinces him to the contrary by her clever assumption of three different characters, under which she calls upon him, to seek engagements, first as a fast music-hall artiste, next as an opera-bouffe singer, and finally as a Savoyard boy minstrel, and when the agent enraptured with, and acknowledges the rare talent displayed, she reveals herself, and readily gains the consent of her uncle to her highly cherished project of going on the stage. Miss Kate Santley acted in each disguise with great liveliness and smartness, and sang with much point and appropriate piquancy a characteristic song allotted to each character; the first, "Nobody know as I know," which she had previously made so popular at the Alhambra; the second, one of Theresa's Parisian chansons, which Miss Santley gave in French; and, finally, a savoyard lied, in all of which she was enthusiastically encored. Mr. Stoye was amusingly funny as the Agent Montmorenski, and Mr. J. Beuer contributed greatly to the success of the piece by his droll manner and comic bye-play as Ambrose Montmorenski's clerk, who created shouts of laughter by his pretended accompaniments on the office ruler and blotting-pad to his young mistress's Savoyard air. The little trifle, though devoid of much intrinsic merit, proved amusing, and was very favourably received. Offenbach's *Orphée aux Enfers*, with Miss Kate Santley as Eurydice, continues its popularity.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.

A LIVELY and amusing little musical piece, written by Mr. West Cromer, the music by Mr. German Reed, was produced here for the first time, at the German Reed's entertainment, on Monday evening, under the title of *A Night Surprise*. The plot is of the simplest nature, but sufficiently dramatic in its form and situations to interest. The three male characters, Dr. Magnet Sharp, a mesmerist and practitioner of animal magnetism (Mr. Arthur Law); Chubb, his page boy in buttons (Mr. Alfred Reed); and Herr Tileoff, an elderly German professor of music and opera composer, a patient staying in the doctor's house (Mr. Corney Grain), are well defined sketches of character, and all three are most amusingly sustained. While Miss Leonora Braham, as Matilda, the doctor's parlour-maid, and parlour belle, beloved by Buttons; and Miss Fanny Holland, as the professor's sprightly niece, Muriel Ripley, lend useful aid to the musical illustrations. The action takes place in the laboratory of Dr. Sharp's house, at Canterbury, where Chubb is shown as the greedy devourer of tarts and mince pies purloined from the Doctor's larder. The Doctor, mystified at the daily inroads upon the contents of the store closet, and strongly suspecting Chubb, whom he detects in secretly devouring a tart, to be the delinquent, determines to discover the secret purloiner of his household delicacies, through the agency of a "nerve elixir," which he asserts will infallibly cause the thief to come to the recipient of this mysterious potion. He accordingly administers the elixir to Buttons, previous to leaving him under its influence all night in the laboratory; but through the aid of Muriel, some potent brown sherry has been substituted in the bottle for the dreadful and nauseous elixir, and Chubb, instead of being thrown into a mesmeric state is sent into the drowsiness of inebriation, by the substituted sherry, from which he is aroused and frightened away by Herr Tileoff, who, clothed in his long white nightshirt and awful nightcap, enters as a somnambulist through the open window of the moonlit laboratory. Here takes place the most humorous situation of the little piece, and displays the musical and Terpsichorean versatility of Mr. Corney Grain, who in his sleep goes through an imaginary rehearsal of his new opera, conducting the orchestra, &c., with a long bar of German bread as a baton, not only singing the leading morceaux in the grand scene of his opera, but pirouetting and going through the movements of the première danseuse in the incidental ballet, in the midst of which the Doctor and entire household enter the chamber, thinking to detect the mysterious purloiner of tarts, but amazed to find the poor professor in his operatic dream, from which he is speedily awakened, and Chubb is forced to confess his delinquency. Upon Mr. Corney Grain and Mr. Alfred Reed falls the chief responsibility of the acting, and seldom have either been seen to greater advantage. The former was so marvellously made up as the old Teutonic professor, as to be utterly unrecognisable, and his singing and dancing in rehearsing his opera were irresistibly amusing and diverting. Mr. German Reed's music, although unpretentious, is exceedingly lively and melodious; both Miss Leonora Braham's song "The Boy in Buttons" and Miss Fanny Holland's air "The Secret" were warmly encored—a result which ought also to have attended the ensuing charming little quartet "Once more, good-night"—as it richly deserved it, and although it met with hearty applause, it was not repeated on Monday evening. Mr. Burnand's *Matched and Mated*, and Mr. Corney Grain's new musical sketch *Spring's Delights*, still occupy the earlier portion of the programme.

FOLLY THEATRE.

ON Monday evening next *Robinson Crusoe* will be represented for the 100th time! It will be remembered that, with singular

prescience, the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS alone praised this bonâ fide success on its production. As a proof of what may be effected by dramatic genius, it may be mentioned that on yesterday week, owing to the sudden indisposition of Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. William Forrester undertook, at one hour's notice, his parts in *Checkmate* and *Robinson Crusoe*, in both of which he acquitted himself with complete success. In addition to playing in the attractive *Robinson Crusoe*—which, by the way, is admirably illustrated by Mr. Pilotell in Mr. E. H. Burgoyne's last "Graphic Theatrical Album"—Miss Lydia Thompson will appear in Tom Taylor's *Nine Points of the Law* on Monday evening next, so as far as that charming actress is concerned the visitor to the Folly will be embarras des richesses.

It is said that the Duke's Theatre will shortly re-open under the management of Mr. Mayer, for the performance of melo-drama.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by their children, witnessed the performance of Mr. Broekman's monkeys, dogs, ponies, &c., at the Duke's Theatre on Saturday afternoon. On Monday evening the Prince and Princess honored the Globe Theatre with their presence.

The Danisheffs will be represented for the first time at a morning performance at the St. James's next Saturday, 24th inst.

The third morning performance of *New Men and Old Acres* at the Court will take place next Saturday.

A new comedy, in which Miss Lydia Thompson will appear, is in rehearsal at the Folly.

Miss Jennie Lee announces her benefit at the Globe for next Wednesday evening, when she will appear in some scenes from *Jo*, as well as in *The Invisible Prince*.

Mr. Arthur Matthison and Mr. Edward Solomon, musical director of the Globe Theatre, are engaged on a new musical farce, on the lines of *Trial by Jury*, Mr. Matthison writing the libretto, and Mr. Solomon composing the music.

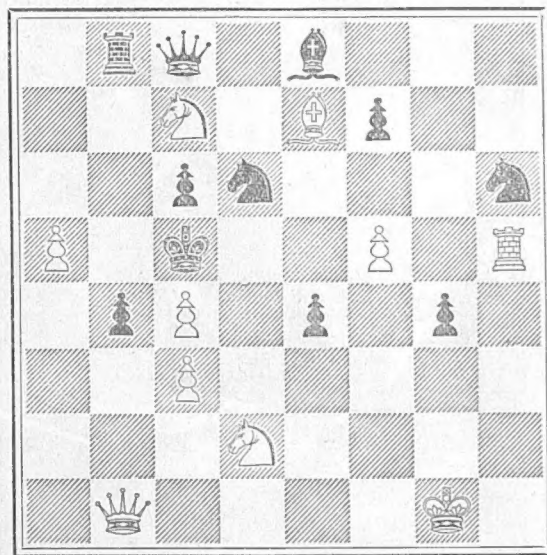
Mr. Field, who presides with such attentive civility and courtesy at the Renters' and Free List at Drury Lane Theatre, takes his benefit on the evenings of Tuesday and Wednesday, the 27th and 28th inst., when his deserving and unobtrusive merits ought to receive large recognition. It should be mentioned that Mr. Field can derive advantage only from the sale of his own tickets.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 132.

By "TROIS ETOILES."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

The following alternation game was played a few evenings since. The order in which the players moved was as follows:—(1) Dr. Ballard, (2) MacDonnell, (3) Minchin, (4) Eccles. It lasted about three hours, and is a very interesting specimen of its kind.

(KING'S KNIGHT'S GAMBIT.)			
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Dr. Ballard and	Messrs. MacDon-	Dr. Ballard and	Messrs. MacDon-
Mr. Minchin.	nell and Eccles.	Mr. Minchin.	nell and Eccles.
1. P to K4	P to K4	26. Kt to Kt5	B takes P
2. P to K B4	P takes P	27. Kt takes B	R takes B
3. Kt to K B3	P to K Kt4	28. R to K B7	P to Q4
4. B to Q B4	B to Kt2	29. B to Q3	R to K Kt sq (7)
5. P to Q4	P to Q3	30. R to K R sq	Kt to K (dis.ch) (m)
6. Castles	P to K R3	31. K to B sq	Kt to K B5 (n)
7. P to B3	Kt to Q B3 (a)	32. R to K R7 (ch) (o)	R takes R
8. P to K Kt3	P to Kt5	33. B takes R	K takes B
9. Kt to K R4	P to B6	34. Kt takes Kt (dis.ch) K to Kt2	
10. Kt to Q2 (b)	Kt to K B3	35. R to K Kt sq (ch) K to B2	
11. Q to B2	Castles	36. R takes R	K takes R
12. P to K R3	Kt to K R4 (c)	37. Kt to Q3	B to Q3
13. K to R2	Q Kt to K4 (d)	38. K to K2	P to Q B4
14. P takes Kt (e)	B takes P	39. K to K3	K to B2
15. Q Kt takes P (f)	P takes Kt	40. P to Q Kt4	P takes P
16. Kt takes P	Btks Kt P (ch) (g)	41. P takes P	K to K3
17. K to R sq	Q to Q2 (i)	42. K to Q4	B to K R7
18. Kt to Kt sq	K to R sq (j)	43. K to Q B5	B to Q3 (ch)
19. Q to K2	Kt to Kt2	44. K to B6	P to Q5
20. Q B takes K R P	P to K B4	45. P to Kt5	B to K R7
21. P takes P	Q to Q B3 (ch)	46. P to R4	B to Q3
22. Q to K B3 (h)	K takes P	47. P to R5	K to K2
23. Q takes Q	P takes Q	48. K to Kt7	K to Q2
24. K to Kt2	R to K4	49. K takes R P	K to Q B sq
25. Kt to B3	R to R4		

(a) Q to K2 is the accredited move, but that made seems unobjectionable.

(b) The Q B ought to have been played out here, either to K3 or K B4.

(c) The game now begins to assume a lively aspect, and Black's attitude is already quite as aggressive as White's.

(d) A capital move and sound enough for all practical purposes.

(e) Better to have retreated the B to Q Kt3.

(f) The best if not the only move to extricate themselves from their difficulties.

(g) Taking this P with Kt would have been worse than useless.

(h) Played in defiance of his own better judgment. Just before making this move Black said, "I must make a bad move now,"—and he certainly fulfilled his intention.

(i) A blunder that ought to have lost the game, but White failed to see the correct reply, namely, Q to Q2.

(j) R to K B3 would have enabled White to retain the advantage, which at this point they possessed.

(k) The key-move to a victory that never was achieved.

(l) Kt to K B4 (dis. ch) would have won at least the exchange.

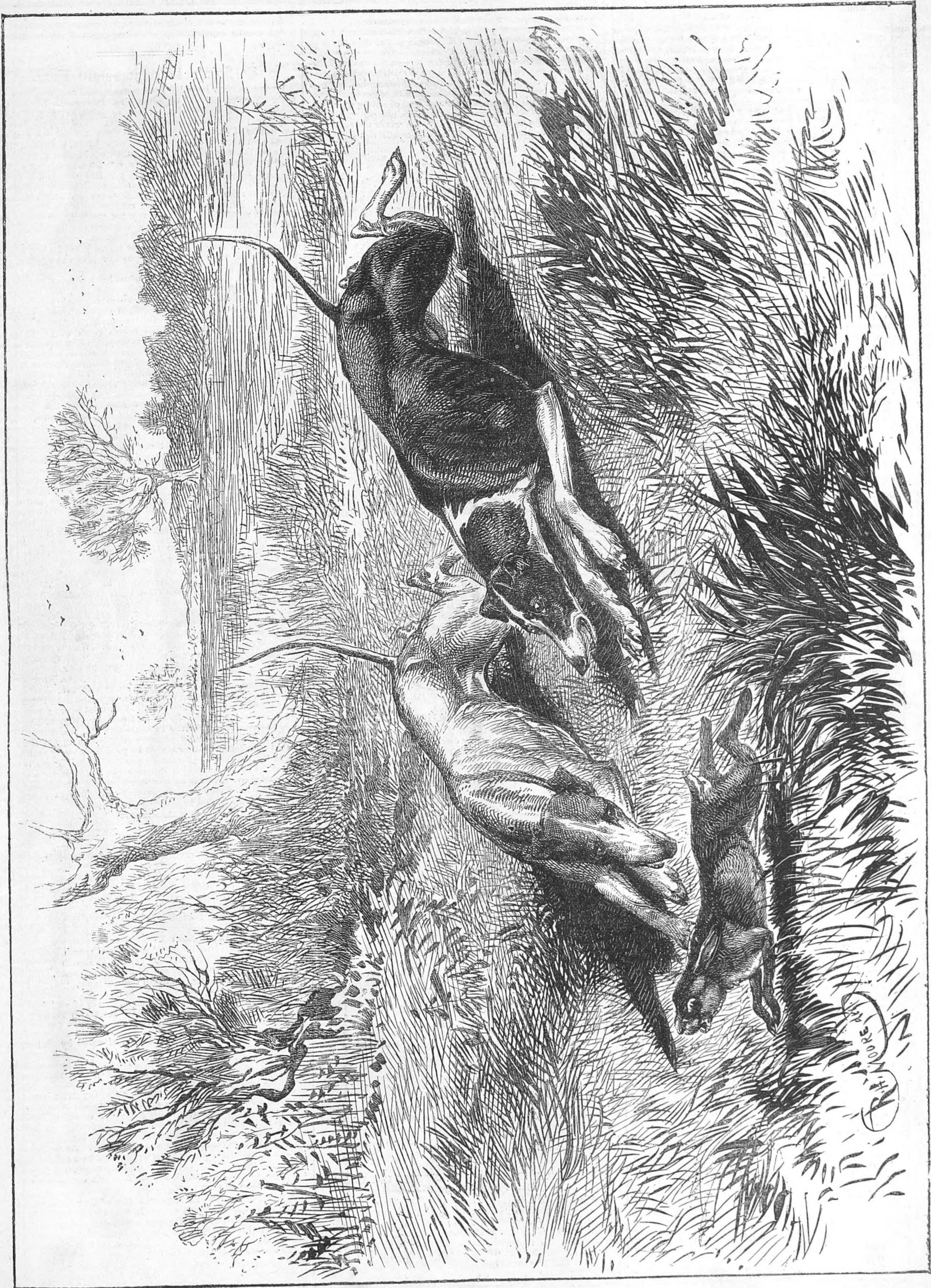
(m) Again Black fails to make the winning move Kt to Kt4.

(n) A very fine conception. The rest of the game is admirably conducted by White, whilst Black's concluding moves are timed with great judgment.

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—M. T. Wiles, Market Deeping, writes:—"Your valuable Wafers are very efficient for chest diseases. I have tried them myself, and recommended them to several friends, and proved their beneficial effects." They instantly relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Rheumatism, and taste pleasantly. Sold at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per box.—[ADVT.]



SCENES AND SKETCHES FROM LORD LYTTON'S PLAY OF "MONEY."



"THE WRENCH"—A COURSING STUDY.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

THE BLACKHEATH DRAMATIC CLUB.

WE recently commented upon the large amount of good done in the causes of charity and education by amateur theatrical performances, and we may here point out in connection with our present subject and the former cause, that this club alone in the course of its fourteen years of existence has realised nearly nine hundred pounds in aid of the funds contributed to our public charities. The fact also points indirectly to the popularity of the club, inasmuch as so large a sum over and above the heavy expenses of engaging actresses, erecting stages, hiring scenery, printing programmes, dresses, appointments, etc., etc., has been the result of but fifteen annual performances.

A quaint and favourite old author of ours, one William Hutton, says, "Every man has his hobby-horse, and it is no disgrace prudently to ride him. He is the prudent man who can introduce cheap pleasures without impeding business." To this we may add that when the riding of hobby-horses is an intellectual pursuit which not only impedes no business but results in widely benefiting the poor and sick, it is a very good piece of real Christian work, even if it take the form of what unco good and uncommonly bigoted people regard as the abomination of abominations—play acting.

The last annual performances of the Blackheath Club took place on the 6th, 7th, and 8th inst., at the New Cross Hall in Lewisham, and were in aid of the funds of those excellent and most deserving charities the Seamen's Hospital at Greenwich, and the Royal Kent Dispensary. The piece selected was Lord Lytton's comedy *Money*, and it was produced under the careful superintendence of Mr. Coe, lately stage-manager of the Haymarket Theatre, who gave the closest and most earnest attention to his work. Evidence of this, in combination with results due to his professional experience and able direction, were plainly visible to the eye of an experienced dramatic critic. As a personal favour to his friends the making up of the faces was most artistically executed by Mr. Coe himself; and he had so drilled his company of amateurs in the stage business of the play that on each evening the performance progressed from beginning to end without the slightest hitch, hesitation, bustle, or confusion. The services of the prompter were so light that he walked about with the book in his pocket, confident in the belief that his post was altogether a sinecure, and his bold confidence was never once disturbed.

Before dealing critically with the players, we may also award high praise to our neighbour, Mr. Alliston, the perruquier, whose wigs were admirable for the amount of character and expression he infused into them. The Old Member, and Mr. Stout, Sir Frederick, and MacStucco's wigs were selected with accurate judgment, and did not a little in giving more striking individuality to the players' conceptions of their respective parts. The furniture—Mr. Cobbett's—was also well selected; but we regret that we cannot award as much praise to the scenery supplied by Mr. Harrison. It was well set, and fairly good of its kind, but was not in keeping with the author's stage directions. What conception that gentleman has of a modern lady's boudoir (Scene 2, Act 3) was seen when in its place appeared an open terrace, with highly conventional stone pillars, balustrade, and drapery. The Lewisham Orchestral Society's musical performance, under the leadership of Mr. Warwick Jordan, was excellent in both quality and selection, as, indeed, was to be expected by those who knew its leader; and also that in its band of twenty performers are numbered some of the best amateurs in London, who are also members of the Duke of Edinburgh's Orchestral Society, at the Albert Hall. It can, indeed, boast possession of at least one of the committee of the last named society in the person of Mr. Paule.

Lord Lytton's comedy is an unusually long one, which is frequently cut down by professional players, who find themselves unable to sustain its interest unflinching during the whole of the time it usually occupies. It, therefore, says much for the Blackheath amateur's performance when we add that, although the play was given entire, the interest of a very undemonstrative but appreciative audience, consisting largely of ladies, grew with its progress and culminated in frequent outbursts of loud and enthusiastic applause.

Mr. P. A. Davies, as Sir Frederick Blount, deserves high praise for withstanding the temptation to exaggeration which that character holds out to those who value rather laughter and applause than the praise of the critical and judicious. He personated the foppish and selfish empty-headed young nobleman very naturally. When he turned with angry suspicion upon Evelyn, and ejaculated, in a hopelessly puzzled way, "Cowper?" the audience thoroughly appreciated the author's joke at his expense, and in the scene where he puts forward for the newly enriched Clara's acceptance such irresistible attractions as "the best opewea box, best dogs, best horses, and best house in town of its kind," with himself, his ingenuous simplicity and intensely selfish nature came amusingly to the front, without the slightest display of the actor's knowledge of the character he so cleverly sustained.

Graves is another character which low comedians are prone to exaggerate, and Mr. J. R. Taylor as artistically withstood its temptation. His ludicrous eccentricities did not blind us to the practical matter-of-fact and worthy nature of the man he personated, and his constant sighing and woe-begone assumption of unappeasable grief for "sainted Maria," was as amusingly artificial, and in an absurd sense as romantically sentimental as we ever saw it in the conception of some of the best professional players. The scene in which the widowed Lady Franklin carries out her merry morsel of strategy, and under the pretence of sympathy with the widower's grief, with real sympathy for his growing passion for herself, makes him sing, laugh, dance, and be happy, despite himself, was a piece of extremely clever acting, which threw the audience into ecstasies of mirth and admiration.

Turning to Lady Franklin herself, personated by Miss Eleanor Bufton, we once again re-echo the echo of a question which has been over and over again asked, and wonder why this talented and handsome actress now so seldom appears upon the regular boards. Are good actresses quite so plentiful that we can afford to dispense with the services of one of the best? Her Lady Franklin was full of the qualities peculiar to the character, and was played with an amount of freshness of conception and force of realisation which were charmingly effective.

Mr. Oliver, as Alfred Evelyn, was a little tame in parts, but had evidently a right conception of the character, and played it on the whole with excellent effect. In the opening scene, when the bitterness of hopeless love, disappointed ambition, and the bitter humiliations of poverty, acting upon a daringly proud spirit, found expression in satire and contempt, he was a little wanting in that concentrated depth and intensity of feeling for which Macready was so famous in his personation of the character, but he attained a smooth level of general excellence which ensured him the sympathy of his audience from the beginning to the end. His love-making was manly and earnest, without being demonstrative to an extent out of keeping with such a character, and the concentrated nature of his proudly restrained passion broke out in the after scenes, when he plunged into frivolous pleasures and reckless extravagance to wean his mind from it, with great force.

Mr. W. C. Gordon in the part of that emotionless, keen-eyed, sharp-witted gambler and man of the world, Captain Dudley

Smooth, was easy and natural; and Sharp, the lawyer—Mr. C. F. Addis—was business and lawyer-like, doing the little that subordinate character has to do thoroughly well, as, indeed, did all those gentlemen who filled the more subordinate parts, not forgetting even the Page, who managed his share of the scene in which the scheming hypocrisy of Sir John comes out in the messages he leaves for different visitors, admirably.

We were also greatly pleased with Miss Blanche Percy's clever and effective rendering of Clara Douglas. Her great scene with Evelyn, wherein she gives too late that explanation which we can never quite understand her not giving before—in which case, however, there would have been no *Money* in existence—she shone brilliantly, infusing an amount of intense feeling and pathos into it which touched all hearts and dimmed with tears the bright eyes of several young ladies we had the privilege of sitting amongst. As Georgina, Miss C. Brabant was ladylike, playing with much good taste if with no great force, and on the whole the entertainment was as finished and artistic as its purpose was charitable and worthy.

KING'S CROSS THEATRE.

A PERFORMANCE by the Alma Company (employés of Messrs. J. Shoolbred and Co.), was given on the 9th inst., when *London Assurance*, preceded by the farce of *The Lottery Ticket*, was played to a crowded house. Mr. Frank Cecil played fairly, though rather nervously, as Capias. Mr. Fletcher was a good Wormwood. Mrs. Corset was well represented by Miss Lizzie Pexton. In the comedy, the Lady Gay Spanker of Miss Stewart was an excellent specimen of amateur acting. Miss Millie Vernon, with a little more animation, would have been a good Pert. As Grace, Miss Pexton looked pretty and acted well. Amongst the gentlemen, the most successful character was that of Meddle, by Mr. Fletcher, and he was run very hard by Mr. J. Burton, who appeared as Dazzle. Mr. Conyard, as Charles, and Mr. Fenwick, as Max Harkaway, both deserve complimenting on their playing. The Sir Harcourt of Mr. W. Stewart was a decided failure. He had either not learnt his part or had forgotten it. The minor characters were taken by Messrs. Hatchman, Brown, Lacy, and Munden.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT THE BIJOU THEATRE, BAYSWATER.

On Thursday, February 8, some private theatricals took place at the Bijou Theatre, Archer-street, Bayswater, before a large and appreciative audience. The well-known comedy of *London Assurance* was the play selected for representation, and the comedy on the whole was fairly acted; but especial mention must be made of Miss Mary Lynne, who, as Grace Harkaway, was very graceful and naïve, and whose acting all through the piece was most natural; Miss Ella Leyton, as Lady Gay Spanker, was hardly animated enough in her first scenes, but she improved very much in the last two acts. The Sir Harcourt Courtly of Mr. Geo. R. Crewe was a carefully studied and admirably acted character. Mr. G. E. Mount, as Max Harkaway, was much too lugubrious for a country squire. Mr. G. J. Davies, as Charles Courtly, lacked animation, but he will doubtless improve with practice. The Dolly Spanker of Mr. Geo. Phillips was very good. Mr. E. J. Ottley's conception of the character of Dazzle was capital, and his easy and natural acting materially contributed to the success of the piece. Mr. W. R. Neale's Mark Meddle was rather exaggerated, and his action, when, in order to obtain means for bringing a lawsuit, he is desirous of being kicked by Charles Courtly, was much too suggestive. Mr. J. V. Stephens, as the valet Cool, acted carefully. The remaining characters call for no special comment. Miss Maud Davies, during the evening, sang "Love's Sunshine" with admirable taste and expression. Altogether the management may be congratulated on the success of the entertainment, the services of the prompter, a character (much in request at many amateur performances) being, with one or two exceptions, at a discount.

SALE AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB.

THE second performance of the season by the acting members of this club took place on Friday evening, the 9th inst., when for various reasons, probably mainly owing to the very unfavourable weather, there appeared to be a slight falling off in the number of the audience. Lord Lytton's comedy in five acts, *Money*, and the celebrated farce *Le comte de Paris* were the pieces set down in the programme, and considering the inordinate length of the comedy, which although somewhat curtailed, occupied three hours and a half in performance, therefore obliging many who had to return by train, to leave in the middle of the fifth act; it is questionable whether the gentlemen responsible for the above selection were not wanting in a little forethought, and discretion.

In the comedy, Alfred Evelyn, Sir John Vesey, Sir Frederick Blount, Mr. Graves, and Captain Dudley Smooth, were remarkably well played by Messrs. H. Lynill (who had evidently taken that sterling actor Mr. Howe for his model, and yet without any direct imitation) A. T. Forrest, W. Rumsey, W. J. Towle, and H. Pagden. Mr. H. C. Lloyd was an excellent Benjamin Stout, and his "make up" something astonishing. How this gentleman contrived? but stop! we must not be too personal. Mr. Alfred Evelyn is not a very entertaining young man, his exceedingly high moral tone, combined with a cynical manner, being at times rather depressing; so that we were not quite sure whether Mr. Lynill did not intentionally make use of the expression, "when I am your wife," to Miss Vesey in the course of the piece, in order to relieve the pent up feelings of the audience. If this was the case it had the desired effect. The Sir John Vesey of Mr. Forrest was very effective, and certainly the best thing he has as yet done, the little peculiarities of "Stingy Jack" being admirably rendered. Mr. Rumsey, the low comedian of the company, proved his versatility in the part of Sir Frederick Blount, by giving a sort of Dundreary and Craven Robertsonian flavour to the character, which was very amusing. As Mr. Sharp, the lawyer, Mr. J. H. Atkinson was very good, and Mr. J. M. Higgins in the small part of James, did the little he had to do modestly and well. Mesdames Travers, Burns, H. Mason, and Fanny Clarke, from the Manchester Theatres, ably assisted in the parts of Lady Franklin, Clara Douglas and Georgina Vesey. The stage arrangements as usual were very complete, more particularly so in the club-room scene, which reflected great credit on the management.

AMATEUR PERFORMANCE OF THE CARLTON HILL CRICKET CLUB.

WE last week had the pleasure of witnessing a thoroughly good dramatic performance, by the members of the Carlton Hill Cricket Club, at the Holloway Athenæum. The piece selected was the late T. W. Robertson's famous comedy, *Society*, a play well calculated to severely test the ability of even the best professional actors. Mr. P. H. Waterlow's realisation of the part of Sydney Daryl was very finished in conception, and forcible in effect. Mr. G. C. Raynor—the club's secretary—made an effective Lord Ptarmigan, and Mr. John Heaton—the treasurer of the club—delighted his audience by his animated and humorous personation of Tom Stylus. Great histrionic power was displayed by Mrs. Newberry in the part of Lady Ptarmigan. She caught

and expressed the varied characteristics of that very superior person, with an amount of humorous power which frequently provoked the heartiest laughter and applause. Miss May Barney as Maud Hetherington was fairly good, but she must remember that the chief end and aim of that art, which holds the mirror up to nature, is to conceal art. The performance given on the 6th and 7th inst. was the club's eleventh annual entertainment, and we warmly congratulate its members upon their undoubted success.

St. Valentine.—Hys Daye.

ETYMOLOGISTS have indulged in their usual controversies concerning the derivation of the present month's name. Some trace it from *Februa*, the epithet applied to Juno, but most of them associate it with *Februa*, an old Roman heathen custom or "feast," one feature of which was that of the priests of the god Pan running about with thongs of goat-skin in their hands, wherewith they scourged the women, who accepted their punishment as a kind of expiatory or purifying sacrifice. For our own poor part, we are just now rather inclined to accept the late Gilbert à Becket's derivation. He traced the name of the month to *Febris*, a fever, because its rains, thaws, and inundations are such prolific sources of fevers. And thus thinking, we conclude that the best thing about the month is the fact that it is the shortest. But younger and less married men will have a different opinion, they surely will think the best thing about February is ye daye of Sainte Valentine, and the only fever in their memory will be that of expectation before, or joy, or disappointment, or worse, after, the ever memorable Fourteenth.

Ah, me! what tender secrets, what hungry heart yearnings, find expression in those wonderfully decorated, lace-bordered, perfumed pictorial missives, heaped up in the poor over-worked postman's letter-bags. And also, alas! what outpouring of spiteful envy, or despair, or dislike, the caricaturists contrive to mingle with the dainty sweetness of rosy cupids (with wings) of loves and doves, and burning, or arrow-pierced, hearts in those same closely-packed receptacles! Do you remember poor Thomas Miller's pretty little conceit concerning ye Sainte Valentine, Hys Daye? It's worth retaining, and here it is.

"It is said that until St. Valentine came amongst them there was squabbling amongst the shrubs and battling amid the branches, and quarrelling around the nests; that this bird was ever inclining to change, and that bird was never happy, while another was anxious and jealous, and ever pecking at his poor little partner because her plumage was not so bright and rich as hers in a neighbour's nest. Some turned up their bills at the insects that their husbands brought them, and said that, when single, they never were used to such plain food; others complained that the hips and haws were bad or coarse, and wished they had gone over the sea, when they had the offer, with that fine foreign bird that came and sang so sweetly in May, and went away in June. Even the doves at times murmured at each other instead of cooing, until Good Bishop Valentine came and touched them, and then their purple beaks sighed only vows of love, and cooed promises of faithful endearment and lasting affection. And then he at last touched the ten'er heart of woman; and when she saw the young buds opening, and the first flowers blooming, there was a milder and softer light in her eye, and a sweeter and more heart-tender tone in her voice, and she too began to confess the power of Good Sainte Valentine. And from that time the whole air round her has ever since breathed of love." And yet, sad to say, those wretched old horrible heathens beat the good saint, to whom we owe that delicious atmosphere of tenderness and affection, with clubs, and in or about the year 270, cut off his dear head in the Via Flaminia. Was there sighing and sobbing in branches and shrubs when the terrible news came, and did woman make moan of that dire cutting off?

But our business is with the quaint conceits of Mr. Moyr Smith rather than with Gilbert à Becket's. The centre is the key to the whole. There we find the true meaning of Sainte Valentine hys daye, and that is—Matrimony. With what varied sentiments and feelings the crowd look out for the chance thrown husband or wife—scrambling for the heiress—hesitating where dowerless beauty is the prize—eager where waning youth begets fears of eternal spinsterhood—now moved by passion—now by sentiment—now by prudence—and now by greed of gain. There is one who shuns the chance which others seek; a wife is for him too costly a luxury. Here is another who—but why dwell upon a picture which tells its own story so well—that thought is timely, for space is scarce, and so we put aside our pen.

IN LIEU OF A VALENTINE.

LAST eve, between the falling of the showers,
I left the travelled burdened ways and sought,
Among the murmurs of the leaves, verse-flowers
For her fair forehead. Weary, overwrought,
My fingers culled, yet would not weave
A garland, and I could but grieve:—
"No fillet for her brow!
Oh, but that I might now
Cincture her waist,
And with rich haste
Shed, all unordered, petals of sweet speech
Upon the tress that hides her ear, and reach
The low, warm whispers of her beating heart,
Quick'ning them with sighs of mine,
Till other sighs with sighs combine,
And words unuttered shame all speech of art!"

RICHARD DOWLING.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by their suite, visited the Globe Theatre on Monday evening.

THE *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* speaks in high terms of Miss Emily Mott's singing at a recent concert given in that town in aid of the Constabulary Band.

CHELSEA PENSIONERS READING THE GAZETTE OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—By a reference to the advertisement pages of this Journal, it will be seen that copies of Wilkie's famous picture are now being issued, under conditions set forth in the advertisement. It is perhaps necessary to state that we are in no way whatever connected with the enterprise. As to the print, we can conscientiously say that it appears to be a faithful reproduction of the original; and if there be any national spirit left in the land, the marvellously low price at which copies are issued ought to lead to a large sale.

A DISTINCTION WELL EARNED.—One of the sporting papers speaks of an old gentleman as the Nestor of the turf. As the gentleman in question is a frequent contributor to the sporting literature of his country and is a tremendous authority on pedigree and "strains of blood," we shall propose that in future he be called the Mares' Nestor.—*Pun.*

LAMPLUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE.—HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES, AND USE NO OTHER; this alone is the true antidote in Fevers, Eruptive Affections, Sea or Bilious Sickness, having peculiar and exclusive merits. For the protection of the public against fraudulent imitations, I have applied for and again obtained a perpetual injunction, with costs, against a defendant. Observe the GENUINE has my NAME and TRADE MARK on a BUFF-COLOURED WRAPPER.—113, Holborn-hill London.—[Advvt.]

TURFIANA.

THE return of horses which have competed on the flat and across the country in Ireland in 1876, furnishes an interesting commentary on the state of the Turf in the Sister Isle. The remarkable falling off exhibited in all descriptions and ages for the preceding year has been recovered; but while the two, three, and four year olds are only just up to the average of the preceding seven years, the great increase has been in the five year olds and upwards, which show up in the proportion of considerably more than two to one as compared with the "young idea." All this points most unmistakably to the fact that, while Ireland is just holding her own on the Curragh flat, the national sport of Erin *par excellence* is steadily extending its influence, and it is evident that racing suffers in proportion as steeplechasing takes root and flourishes. The Irishman is clearly entitled to point with pride to the prowess of his home-breds in the jumping business, a pastime now rapidly becoming popularised on this side of St. George's Channel, but carried on under a totally different system to that pursued by our Milesian neighbours. There is a mighty difference between bringing up horses to fence in good style over real obstacles early in life, and the system pursued in too many instances in this country, where the fences are brought down to the level of the performers, instead of being rendered as formidable as possible for animals gradually trained up to their business. A goodly number of Irish horses are to be found among us every year, carrying off a fair share of our big cross country events, and picking up a "dale" of the little fish, so proverbially sweet. But we do not find it worth our while to return the compliment, and trainers know well enough what a lamentable figure over an Irish "line" would be cut by their weedy cast offs from the flat, used to the mild grips and insignificant apologies for fences which are sparsely scattered over their tracks. Sandown Park promises some improvement upon this "circus" business, and we hope to see the example imitated in other quarters.

There seems to be a sort of distant and random exchange of shots, and desultory skirmishes of outposts, between layers and backers *in re* the Derby, but the opposing lines delay to range themselves in battle array, and there is not a sufficiency of tone about the market even among those spirited speculators who hail from "beautiful Boolong." Lady Golightly has wintered well so far, but she was a comparatively "set" animal at two years old, and if she has continued in her well doing, this is all her many friends are entitled to expect. On the Champagne day there never was a fitter, gayer looking filly, and her action was true, light, and easy as she cantered down to the post. At Newmarket she did not seem quite so "cherry-merry," and her Middle Park race took a good deal out of her, as it did out of her kinsman Kingcraft, though it should be allowed that hitherto the King Tom fillies have stood the racket of a two year old seance better than the colts. If she escapes hereditary roaring, the day may have nearly come for a successor to Eleanor and Blink Bonny, but we shall see her stripped more than once ere the Derby bell rings, if Lord Falmouth sticks to his wonted policy of "running out," and we can very well afford to hold our hands until then. Chamant is a big-ended horse, with a middle piece out of proportion to his fine extending and propelling power, and at a cursory glance he might be written down as a trifle flat-sided, though he has depth enough to counterbalance this defect. Take him all in all, he is a plain specimen of the thoroughbred, but his action is true and regular as clockwork, and this, coupled with his indisputable form, and palpable progression, makes him a highly dangerous gentleman to leave out in the cold. There were no "ifs" or "buts" in his Middle Park and Dewhurst Plate triumphs, and he presents the appearance of a tough, sound, hardy horse, who will not require the work necessary to keep down Kisber and others of his kidney. He may not be the horse made exactly to order for the Epsom course, but on public form he has plenty in hand to counteract this disadvantage, and turn where we will we cannot get away from Chamant.

Robert Peck undoubtedly holds a very strong hand, but as yet only one of his cards has been exposed, and the public seem to have jumped to the conclusion that his two remaining ones are also trumps. In nine cases out of ten it is best to throw over possibilities for facts, but in this instance there may be some truth in the flaming reports which have led lovers of the *omne ignotum* to prefer the chances of Morier and Actæon. Looking at precedents, and with a recollection of the former at Doncaster in his yearling days, we would far rather become layers than backers, cherishing but little respect for General Peel and the family from which he springs. Most of his sort charm the eyes by their fine commanding appearance and seeming power, but the hearts of the majority have not been in proportion to the outside frame; and, on the score both of looks and breeding, we would far rather stand Actæon. As a yearling he was a model of power, but in rather a small compass, and all his keenest critics had to find fault with was a trifling deficiency in length. Still, there are many who prefer a short horse for the Derby, and Actæon looked one of the handy sort required to negotiate the varying gradients of the Epsom course. What with sore shins and other ailments, he had enough drawbacks last year to make his trainer despair, but he may have tided over his evil time, and with an uninterrupted course of training before him, we shall be found among his supporters when the momentous day arrives. Singularly enough, all his family "in tail male" have shown a weakness for running up in the great race; for Lord of the Isles was third to Wild Dayrell, Dundee and Scottish Chief, both scions of the "sherry bay," were second and third to Kettledrum and Blair Athol respectively, and their sons in turn, Marksman and King of the Forest, had to play second fiddles only to Hermit and Favonius. Believers in coincidence may gather confidence from the above facts, and though we have seen one Derby "darkie" after another prove mere phantom favourites, we are inclined to fancy Actæon is "good goods." Next week we shall have something to say about Plunger and a few others.

Mr. Anderson's bill for the regulation of racecourses is evidently a blow aimed mainly against the class of meetings which have provoked comment from journals of all shades of opinion, sporting, non-sporting, and anti-sporting. What its provisions may be we know not yet at the time of writing, but we cannot help thinking that it should be left to the "common sense of most" to regulate their sports and pastimes as they think best, as no one wishes to make martyrs of certain parties, which would clearly be the consequence of hasty legislative measures of suppression. Betting is a different matter altogether, and there can be no doubt that the suppression of lists in England has had a great deal to do with the falling off in business at Tattersall's and the Clubs, although we are constantly being told by interested parties that "speculation is as brisk as ever."

The hapless Alexandra Park Meeting has been the first to come under the ban of the Jockey Club, for it appears that its promoters not only withheld the added money, but likewise "stuck to" sums received on account of stakes, and those realised by selling races. In the first year of its establishment it will be recollected that a magnificent programme was published, and the names of all our principal sportsmen were to be found in the list of subscribers to the rich two-year-old races advertised to be run for. All this ended in smoke, like the unfortunate building itself a short time afterwards, but the course was always a

difficult and dangerous one, and so hard at times as to deter owners from sending horses to the Park.

Next Monday, at Tattersall's, Sir W. Throckmorton's breeding stud will come under the hammer, and more than one of his mares "reads well" on paper, though it is difficult to understand why Tomahawk should have found such favour in his owner's eyes. Lucy Hawk was a useful filly, but breeders are apt to think thrice before admitting such doubtful commodities as unfashionably bred yearlings into their sale lists, and as a consequence there is less competition among them, however well their pedigrees may sound, or appearances tell in their favour.

It is not in the least surprising that Lord Falmouth's proposition should be exciting rather a warm discussion in France, and if the tone of the *Jockey* is to be taken as reflecting the sentiments of the racing authorities, any idea of "reciprocity" may, for the present at least, be abandoned. A long article in the *Jockey*, given almost *in extenso* by a contemporary, is well worth perusal, and contains, among other pointed observations, the remark that the English have not availed themselves to any appreciable extent of the meetings in France now actually opened to them. A very old and experienced member of the English Jockey Club recently gave his opinion against reciprocity, on the very sensible ground that, "if we were unable to beat the French horses in England, we should have still less chance of doing so when meeting them on their own ground." Another old racing man, whose opinion is worth considering, objects to reciprocity for other reasons, namely, that our own racing season in England is so crowded with important meetings, that it would never be found worth while to run the risk of a sea voyage, for the purpose of competing in the open events across the Channel. This sounds very much like sober reason, as it must be evident, on reflection, that our racehorses, and more especially the two-year-old contingent, have plenty of work cut out for them at home, without extra engagements abroad. But we shall soon ascertain the feelings of our Jockey Club in the matter, and there is evidently a strong party prepared to oppose Lords Falmouth and Vivian, whose task will be a somewhat ungracious one, although, in the case of the former nobleman at least, it is impossible to doubt the sincerity of conviction, or the fairness of motives. Whatever may be the result of their deliberations, there is certain to ensue a slight disturbance of the *entente cordiale*, and some counter action is likely enough to be taken in the shape of a closing of the Grand Prix de Paris to English candidates, should any limitation be placed upon French horses in this country.

SKYLARK.

CRICKET, AQUATICS, AND ATHLETICS.

THANKS to the timely arrival of another budget of news from the Antipodes, I am enabled to furnish the readers of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS with some few more details about the doings of the English Eleven, under Lillywhite's captaincy, against our colonial relations. In the third match—viz., that against Twenty-Two of Newcastle—the Eleven scored 96 and 77, while their opponents, who could do nothing with the bowling of Shaw and Lillywhite, only succeeded in making 31 and 67, the Eleven thus winning with 75 runs in hand. Greenwood (27 and 29), Charlwood (8 and 26), and Pooley (29 and 0) were the chief scorers for the Eleven. But the bowling of Lillywhite and Shaw in the first innings of the Twenty-Two calls for a little more than passing comment, and deserves being given in full, as follows:—Shaw: 31 overs (21 maidens), 22 runs, 8 wickets. Lillywhite: 31 overs (25 maidens), 8 runs, 10 wickets. Greenwood obtained the silver cup which was presented for the highest score on the side of the Eleven. The fourth match of the series was commenced on the 20th of December, at Goulbourne, "on a fearfully bad wicket," in consequence of which the Eleven relied solely on their medium-paced bowlers, Shaw, Southerton, and Lillywhite. The fielding of the Twenty-Two is reported to have been anything but good, and the Eleven, as might have been expected, managed to put together 125. Ulyett making 48, and Selby 24 out of that number. Against Shaw and Southerton, the Goulbournians could only compile 60. The Eleven, in their second attempt, amassed but 81, Pooley, (20) Emmett, (15) Charlwood (14), doing the most towards this. The first-mentioned, player by-the-bye, received a nasty crack on "the nut." Goulbourne made but "half a century" in their second essay, and were consequently defeated by 96 runs, Lillywhite and Shaw proving as destructive as usual. After a very tedious journey across country by rail and stage-coach, the Eleven arrived in Melbourne on Sunday morning, Dec. 24th, having started from Goulbourne on Thursday midnight. It was intended, had the elements permitted, to have made this match, viz., that against fifteen of Victoria, a kind of "trial horse" for the return against New South Wales, who on the last four occasions have vanquished the Victorians with ease. The night before commencing the match, however, a very heavy storm of rain almost flooded the city, but after a consultation it was decided to make a start. Having won the toss, the Eleven sent their opponents in, when however twenty runs had been obtained for the loss of a wicket, "one of the most terrific storms ever witnessed came on, and the ground was quickly one sheet of water," and all temporary erections were laid prostrate. In consequence of these adverse circumstances the contest was postponed until the 28th. By telegram I learn that the Eleven defeated the Wellingtonians on the 9th inst. in one innings, with 17 runs to spare. It should be clearly understood by those who do not know, that Wellington is in New Zealand, and not in Australia, as a paragraph in a contemporary would naturally lead one to suppose.

Admirers of football, under the Association rules, had a rare treat on Saturday last, when Oxford and Cambridge played at Kennington Oval. Fortunately the weather proved fine, and a large number of spectators assembled. Oxford won the toss, and soon after the ball was started, it was quickly returned into close and dangerous proximity to the Cambridge goal. In turn the Cantabs threatened the stronghold of their adversaries. After several alternations of fortune "half-time" was called without any material success having been obtained by either side. Although after ends were changed Cambridge pressed their opponents very hard at first, the Oxford team, working with great unanimity, quickly turned the tables, and Larry placed the first goal to the credit of Oxford amid loud cheers. Lyttelton, for Cambridge, played his best to make matters level, but Rawson was as usual ubiquitous, and frustrated his intentions. When time was called no further score had been made, and Oxford thus proved conquerors by one goal to love. Among several other matches which deserve notice I may mention that Glasgow defeated Sheffield on Saturday, on the ground of the Queen's Park Club, Glasgow, by a goal to nothing. The home team have now won three matches out of four, one ending in a draw. Yorkshire and Durham played at Darlington on Saturday, but the match ended in a draw. On the same day Manchester beat Liverpool at Edge Hill, by a try and four touches down to nothing. As only one tie for the Inter-Hospital Challenge Cup, under Rugby rules, has at present been played, I shall reserve further remarks until the contests have been reduced to more narrow limits, contenting myself by saying, University College beat London on Tuesday at Kennington Oval by three tries and seven touches down to one try and one touch down.

The Clapton Beagles held their first open handicap steeplechase on Saturday last, the leading cross-country clubs being represented. There were 20 starters, and after a capital race the winner turned up in J. Gibb, S.L.H., who ran from scratch; E. S. Hobson, Spartan Harriers (1.45), second; and H. Bishop, S.L.H. (3min), third. Gibb's time for the distance, which was about 5 miles of stiff country, was 3min 45sec.

Howes tells me he is still very anxious for another shy against Weston or O'Leary at their own distance, but that he would prefer to try conclusions with the former; but, in all candour, I must confess I have very serious doubts of any match being made, inasmuch as the Londoner has, perhaps, shown rather too good form for either one or the other of the Americans to take up his challenge. He also tells me that he fully intends to try and get himself into condition, and then show that highly credulous body, the British Public, how 500 miles can really be walked in six days, while our cousins only talk about it on paper.

With regard to the match between D. Stanton v. Lady Moscow at Lillie-bridge, on Monday last, there is a controversy pending. The renowned bicyclist, who, by-the-bye, was evidently labouring under a delusion as to the mare's performance, claimed the race on the ground that she had gone a lap short of the proper distance; this, I fancy, although I was not present officially, is a pure illusion, the very name and status of the referee, Mr. J. Vandy, being a guarantee of accuracy in itself, without the fact that several other members of the fourth estate, wholly independent of the referee, are of the same opinion. That it was his intention to "lodge a protest" against the payment of the stakes is probably *vox et præterea nihil*, but, at the time of writing, nothing definite is known, and *adhuc sub judice lis est*.

Athletics are now in full swing at both Universities, especially at Oxford, where the various colleges have a lot of fixtures which were postponed from last term to work off. Since my last there has been a meeting at the new ground on the Ifly Road every working day. Whether the official timekeeper has taken a hint from "Exon's" notes or not, I cannot say, but it is a noteworthy fact that there is a marked difference in the times now given to what they were some few days back, and they are at the present fairly within the bounds of credibility. At Merton Sports last Saturday, there was a capital entry for the Strangers' 300 Yards Race, no fewer than thirty-six competing for the magnificent polished walnut-wood and silver jug, which is quite capable of holding a gallon, and I have no doubt its capacity has been well tested by this time. It was won by E. B. Escott, of Balliol, who had 26 yards' start, and he took 31 2-5 seconds to run his 274 yards, a by no means wonderful performance, especially as the starting was such that if he did "poach a bit," it must have been his own fault. At University College Sports, on Monday and Tuesday, the Strangers' Handicap was 600 yards; in which H. A. Wateley, of Christ Church, with 37 yards' start, won in 1 min. 12 2-5th sec., time which is alluded to in a contemporary in rather a sneering manner, but which strikes me as rather fast, as the best time on record is 1 min. 15 sec., and the handicap ought to have been made on this basis. The winner's time certainly was nothing astounding, but the question naturally suggests itself, "Where would the scratch man have been?" However, I presume the imposts were framed on the old-fashioned Sheffield principle, which I regret to hear is being introduced to the University in some instances. The open event at Balliol sports was a strangers' 440 yards handicap, and the result was hardly satisfactory, J. Marshall, of Pembroke, a post entry, who was "pitchforked" in with the limit, 34 yards, and never approached. The time was 49 4-5th sec, which was described as something uncommon; but in reality there is nothing in it, as, allowing even as little as five seconds for his start, he would have taken nearly 56 sec to run the full distance. While on the subject of "time," I may say that the talent at Cambridge have found an equally fine mare's nest, the local reporters going into ecstasies about the victory of T. W. Barker, of Trinity, in the two miles strangers' race at Magdalen sports on Monday, and have put him down as a certainty for Cambridge at Lillie-bridge in the three miles. Mr. Barker won in 10min 18 1-5thsec, with 150 yards off. Now allowing 30sec for his start, and even granting he may improve a trifle between this and March 23, it appears by no means sure that he will beat 10min 45sec; and this I hardly think good enough to gush about, especially as I hear Stevenson, of New College, Oxford, is carefully preparing himself for the long race, and will, if fit, and barring accidents, hold all 103 men safe. On the following day, however, at the Downing sports, a really magnificent performance was done, W. Cunliffe, of Trinity, although the rain had naturally made the path heavy, won the 880 yards open handicap from scratch by quite half a dozen yards, in the grand time of 2 min. 2 sec. This, however, being quite above the ordinary run of things, the local talent seem to take as a matter of course. The motto *ne sutor ultra crepidam* would apply to each critic, who would do well to content themselves merely with recording facts, and not to comment on things beyond their ken.

The only other item of athletics that demands my attention, is the annual general meeting of the London Athletic Club, which was held at the Guildhall Tavern, on Wednesday evening last, when a most satisfactory balance-sheet was presented, the expenditure, though vastly in excess of that of last year, being still within the bounds of the club's income, and great additional advantages being afforded to the members. More meetings than heretofore also have been held, and in spite of all this the year commences with a substantial balance to the credit of the club. Sundry resolutions were passed, but I need not enter upon them further than to state that the principal was with reference to the new ground, the arrangements settled at the meeting of last November being duly confirmed, and I hope ere long to see the Messrs. Waddell, the moving spirits of the club, established in their own domain at Stamford Bridge, Fulham. This is, as the lawyers say, "without prejudice to the proprietor of the opposition show" at Lillie Bridge.

Both Oxford and Cambridge seem bent on "the same old game" as in years gone by, change after change taking place in either of the two crews. At the elder University the eight was fondly supposed to have been definitely arranged, with the exception that the president, Edwardes-Moss, had not yet taken his seat at No. 7, but to the surprise and astonishment of everyone, Boustead, of University, who rowed in both '75 and '76, took a place in the boat on Monday, to the exclusion of Booth. Although by no means a taking oarsman, Boustead always has done his fair share of work, but the all important question naturally arises, who will have to retire from the crew when Edwardes-Moss takes his place? At Cambridge also many changes have taken place in the constitution of the crew since last week; the president, W. B. Close, occupying No. 4 thwart on Monday, while Hoskyns at one time supplanted Fenn, and he in turn gave way to Holmes. Under these shifting tactics I shall at present refrain from offering any further opinion than what I have previously expressed as to the ultimate success of either one crew or the other, but must needs wait until matters seem finally settled.

EXON.

WORMS IN PET DOGS.—"Dingwall, April 17, 1873.—I gave one quarter of a 'Naldire's Powder' to my little terrier, and in ten minutes the dog emitted an immense quantity of worms. This was three weeks ago, and I have seen no symptom of Worms since.—C. J. Munro." Naldire's Powders are sold by all chemists, and by BARCLAY & SONS, 95, Farringdon Street, London.—[ADVT.]

A NOVELTY IN MILITARY KETTLE-DRUMS.
MR. PUNCH was recently puzzled at the Westminster Aquarium, by reading on a placard stuck up over a respectable-looking elderly player of the big drum in the orchestra, "Potter and Co." Granting that the drummer's name was Potter, why asked Mr. P. should he be labelled, as no other musician was, not only "Potter" but "and Co.!" and as that drummer, calm, determined, and unimpassioned, settled down to work with no needless flourishes of his drumstick, which a showy, younger, and less experienced musician might have given, he hit the drum as though he loved it; tenderly, almost reluctantly at first; then warming to his work, encouraged by the eye-glass of his chief, and impelled by a stern sense of duty, he came down on that drum so as to make it writhe again, and bellow under the thud. But when his part was finished, when dulcet strains succeeded, then with more than maternal care did "Potter & Co." pat and caress the suffering instrument, and not a few among the audience but felt a choking sensation in the throat, as they saw that venerable man turn aside and use his pocket-handkerchief, doubtless to wipe away a tear. Beat on! thou Loving Heart! Thy joys and sorrows are appreciated by



THE LATE MR. JAMES MERRY.

the public! Oh! well deserved was the *déjeuner* of 'Potter & Co.' when he and his instrument sat down with a drumstick between them."
Thus did fame blow the trumpet of the great drum for Potter & Co. in *Punch*. And now a louder and more wide-spread blast has been blown in honour of a pair of very beautiful kettle-drums made of sterling silver, for presentation to Colonel Napier and the officers and men of the Carabiniers by the very "Potter & Co." whose claim to the drum and not the drummer so perplexed our aged comic contemporary. These drums—of which we here give an illustration—are not only manufactured by a firm of such world-wide reputation that even our venerable friend, Mr. P., who now so seldom leaves his bedroom, might be supposed to have heard something about them before he visited the Aquarium, are wonderful for their cunningly-combined qualifications of lightness, strength, and solidity. They are of sterling silver, and their chief constructive novelty resides in the presence of internal connecting bars; the power of tuning by an ingenious system of pulleys worked by a single handle, and the fact that each cylinder has been produced from a solid block of silver weighing 800 oz., without join or flaw of even the slightest kind. The vibratory power of the silver is thus made to assume

its highest value, and the consequence is the production of a clear, continuous, and prolonged sound of exquisite purity and great strength, such as is altogether absent in drums constructed in the old way in several pieces soldered together. The drums, are moreover, interesting apart from their value as novelties in the art of construction, as gifts from Frederick Carne Rash, who desires their preservation to commemorate his nine years of service in the regiment. Each of these costly instruments is richly embossed with the royal arms, the name of the regiment, and a list of the battles in which it (the regiment, not the drum) has performed distinguished services, in fine parcel gilt and *repoussé* work.

SKETCHES FROM A BOHEMIAN FISHERY.

AMONGST the most striking features of Bohemia are its canals, the peculiar method of fishing in which was graphically depicted in an engraving that appeared in a recent number. These natural waters make the land one which is rich in fishes, and therefore very largely one of wealth and prosperity, bringing also other advantages, which we need not enumerate. The towns Schwarzenberg and Lichtenstein have as many as 300 such canals, and one can therefore imagine the immense mass of fish obtained



THE LATE MR. J. F. VERRALL.

from the fisheries of these towns. When the spring and autumn arrive, the other seasons being too cold or warm respectively, the fishermen assemble the day before their work is to commence, and move into huts already built for them, or inhabit little wooden houses got up by themselves, and arranged for temporary use. (Fig. II., page 472.)

The "over-fishmaster" is the appointed head, who commands and is obeyed. The first thing which is to be done is to let off the water of the canal. When this is sufficiently accomplished the "standnet" is put up, one side which prevents the fish from returning that way. (Fig. III.) The fishermen then go to work with the large drawnet which is kept in boats, and is sunk, and fastened with the drawcords. (Fig. I.) At times ton weights of fish are caught in an hour. The people who follow such a flourishing calling are habitually cheerful. They sing, dance and make themselves happy, for good times bring jolly faces, the proprietors as well as the masters doing their utmost to amuse their subjects, and as a rule succeed.

A NOVELTY IN MILITARY KETTLE-DRUMS.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

WHEN a worthy Bishop down in Manchester did what the Apostle Paul was urgently persuaded not to do in Ephesus, namely, "adventure himself into the theatre," his dauntless courage was deserving of recognition. And were the adventure not imitated after the example of the sensational gospel merchants of the American pulpit, one might regard it with simple respect, as a refreshing inroad upon ecclesiastical conventionality. The good word of a dignitary of the Church of England does an infinite deal for the theatre, by removing narrow prejudice, as well as by



Emulations in Parvo

encouraging the higher forms of the dramatic art. But, unfortunately, at the same time, such preaching to players gives an impetus to a species of cant that is characteristically offensive.

Players have ever been convenient and useful illustrations for the blatant evangelists of the street-corner to point their brimstone discourses withal. These oily ranters are never tired of sending letters of impertinent admonition, and ill-written tracts with appallingly suggestive titles, such as "The Ticket Box to Damnation," "This Way to the Pit," "Heavenly Footlights," and the like, to actors of good standing in the profession. I know one eminent comedian whose private life is much more blameless than the private life of a wealthy, and so-called religious, merchant, who is also of my acquaintance. The comedian is honestly and faithfully attached to his wife and family, and seldom goes to church. The merchant, besides going to church regularly in company with his wife and family, keeps a couple of mistresses in the opposite end of the town to that in which he himself resides. The comedian is always being pestered with tracts, warning him to flee from his abominable wickedness, *i. e.* the noble profession by which he earns his living. The merchant is constantly having communications from all parts of the Christian world, complimenting him upon his many virtues and high religious



The four Dromedaries

character. A simple chop at the table of that comedian I relish beyond all the pompous banquets (and they have been not a few) I have partaken of at that wealthy merchant's luxurious mansion. The religionists who busy themselves in the "conversion" of actors are not very successful in obtaining specimens of their proselytising power. The "converted clown," or "Christian comedian," whom they occasionally trot out to do the "happy-example-of-saving-grace" business is generally some wretched mummer whom lack of ability, indolence, and dissipa-

tion have brought into such low water, that he is ready to take up any easy hypocritical employment by which he may obtain a livelihood without descending to honest labour.

In the promotion of such semi-political objects as the Temperance movement, one is only amused when the expedient of hiring a "convert," in the shape of some well-known public entertainer, is resorted to by the more practically zealous promoters of the cause. I remember reading a few years ago in the official organ of the "Temperance League," an advertisement which ran, as far as my memory serves me, somewhat thus:—"Free Trade Hall! all Whit week! Grand Temperance Festival! Mr. John Nash, formerly known as Jolly John Nash, having signed the pledge, will sing, 'Cold Water for me!' and other temperance songs." Such an announcement as this, and such an expedient to attract popular interest, are not only pardonable, but legitimate, if slightly ironical. But that the same sort of trickery should be employed in the sacred name of religion is disgusting and sickening to every honest minded man. Apart, however, from the argument with which unhappily it must inevitably furnish the ignorant traders in cant, the Bishop of Manchester's address to the players of that city was characterised by the moderation and good sense which mark the cultured gentleman and contrast very forcibly with the offensively melodramatic harangue lately delivered (if we may believe the report of an evangelical contemporary) by the Rev. Dr. Talmage, in America. The English Bishop contented himself with advocating certain moral reforms, such as greater decency of ballet-skirts, &c., reforms which are every day insisted upon with equal sincerity and greater



practical effect by the leading dramatic critics of the period. As for the American pulpit-orators preaching morality to players, they have not of late furnished such promising examples of purity that members of the theatrical profession need pay any more attention to their sermonising, than the surviving relations of Uriah the Hittite might have paid to a moral lecture by King David upon the sacredness of Commandment VII. Too well, to digest such sermons easily, do they remember on a recent occasion—

How a silken and scented congregation
Stared at the dreadful insinuation,
That the saintly shepherd who saved so many there
Was a sheep himself, and as rotten as any there.

I have, perhaps, stepped rather far out of my way in dealing with this subject, but it is sometimes impossible to pass by in silence the more virulent eruptions of the disease called Cant.

At last I have visited the Surrey Pantomime. I will not pretend to say that I paid that profound attention to the development of plot or the evolution of incident in the pantomime of *Jack and Jill*; or, *Harlequin Sing a Song of Sixpence*, the *Demon Black-bird*, and the *Good Fairies of the Gold and Silver Ferns*, that I might have devoted to a Lyceum tragedy. But I saw sufficient of it to bring away one or two of the more prominent figures in my memory, and experienced on the occasion of my visit that lulling sense of sitting among a perfectly satisfied audience, which to your Captious Critic is "sweet as honey-dew." I have not left myself much space wherein to particularise the features of the entertainment. This, however, at so late a date, when already preparations are being made to replace it by the celebrated drama of *Tom and Jerry*, makes little matter. There is a very charm-

ing minuet introduced into the Surrey pantomime, which all lovers of the artistic in the way of ballet cannot fail to be delighted with. The dancers are all dressed in costumes which represent court playing cards, and the effect is at once quaint, novel, and picturesque.

Another novel feature is the introduction of a troupe of very comic grotesque dancers and drolls called the American team. These performers I "guess" must be nigger minstrels with their faces washed. The maid who "was in the garden a-hanging out the clothes" and the principal comic character in the pantomime, is played by Mr. Harry Taylor with a laughter provoking effect



a musical party.

upon the audience, which doubtless amply rewards him for his exertions. Besides, there is resplendent Nelly Moon in a costume too magnificent for earth, and charming little Lizzie Coote, who but yesterday a mere child, is rapidly springing up into womanhood. *Eheu! fugaces!* But I must not forget to mention the troop of other little ones in the Surrey pantomime who freely rival their diminutive co-professionals at the Adelphi. Nay, the People's Bill has procured a small Sims Reeves, who cannot be more than four years of age, who sings familiar nursery rhymes in an alarmingly self-possessed style.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star, the bright, refined, and lively pantomime which has attracted playgoers of an afternoon to the Aquarium Theatre, has been taken off that stage in the heyday of its popularity. It would have been a wise course of management to play it in the evenings as well as mornings. The pantomime, which was the invention of that experienced and energetic little



manager, Mr. Joseph Cave, was quite on a level with the best of the season. Mr. Cave himself proved the great comic attraction in it. His clever singing is too well known to need any fresh eulogies from me. The transformation scene, entitled, "Alice in Wonderland on the End of the Rainbow," designed and painted by Mr. Henry Emden, places the clever young artist at once in a foremost position. The directors of the Aquarium have done well in securing for their theatre the managerial services of Mr. Joseph Cave. There seems no reason why the Aquarium Theatre should not be converted into as prosperous a property as any of the older houses further East.

STUD NEWS.

The Stud Company (Limited), Cobham.—February 10, the Stud Company's Lucy Bertram, a filly by Blair Athol, and will be put to him again; 11th, the Stud Company's Elva, a filly by Wild Oats, and will be put to Cornival; 12th, the Stud Company's Birette, a bay by Caterer, and will be put to Blair Athol; 12th, the Stud Company's Jocosa, a filly by Blair Athol, and will be put to him again; 12, Captain Bayley's Brenda, a colt by Truant, and will be put to George Frederick; 13th, the Stud Company's Vagary, a colt by Paul Jones, and will be put to Caterer. Arrived to George Frederick, February 8, Mr. R. Coombe's Small Arms, in foal to Lord Lyon. Arrived to Blue Gown, February 9, Mr. H. W. Deacon's Buttercup; 9th, Capt. Bayley's Dried Fruit and Sweetest. Arrived to Caterer, February 10, Mr. E. C. Ker Seymour's Madame Angot, in foal to Y. Trumpeter.

At Bonehill Paddocks, Tamworth, the following mares have arrived to be put to Pero Gomez:—Feb. 1. Mr. Alexander's Locket, by Thunderbolt (in foal to The Speaker); Feb. 5. Mr. Weaver's Prosperity (in foal to Distin); Feb. 6. The Glasgow Stud's Sister to General Peel (in foal to St. Albans), and their Adelaide, also sister to Adelaide, and Flighty's dam, and Nightjar.

At Croft Stud Farm, on January 22, Mr. Watson's Edith of Lorne, a brown filly by The Palmer, and will be put to Albert Victor, to whom also have arrived:—Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Landlady, in foal to Albert Victor, and Queensland, in foal to Ely; also Mr. Winteringham's Letty Long, in foal to The

Palmer; Lady Dot, and Gentle Zitella (by Blair Athol). Arrived to Andred: Hon. G. Lascelles's Alma, Mr. Lambert's Lady Langton, and Mr. Winteringham's Rachel (by Rosicrucian).

Install Park, Bromsgrove: There are only three subscriptions vacant in Cardinal York's list. Mr. Gee having taken six, Lord Durham two, Lord Ailesbury two, Lord Bradford one, and Capt. Davison one. Arrived to Paul Jones: Mr. Gee's Columbine.

At Meriden Grange, Coventry, the following mares have arrived to Wellingtonia:—Mr. Jackson's Forbidden Fruit (by Delight out of Lady Fanny), barren to Vanderdecken; also Mr. Jackson's Bestwood (by St. Albans out of Lady Anne), in foal to Vanderdecken.

At Eaton Stud Farm, Chester, on February 7, Lord Ailesbury's Ayenturiere a chestnut colt by Blair Athol, and will be put to Doncaster. Arrived:—Mr. Biddulph's Lady Lavender (in foal to King of the Forest), and will be put to Doncaster; Euxine (in foal); Mr. Taylor Sharpe's Highland Fling, in foal to Doncaster, and will be put to him again.

At Slough, on February 3rd, Little Woman (by Knight of Kars out of Woman in Black), a colt foal by King of the Forest, named Kingsman.

At Hollist Stud Farm, arrived to Rotherhill: Tranquility (late Easy Shave); also Whiteface (dam of Lumley, Woodlands, &c.), with filly foal by Cardinal York.

At Mr. Mumford's the Faggeters, Harlow, Essex, the following mares have arrived to Mars:—Mr. Greenwood's Poignant, Fury, Lady Montague, Milanaise, and Charade, all in foal to him; Mr. C. J. Langland's La Muta (dam of Arcadia and Electra), in foal to Couronne de Fer.

Sheffield Lane Paddocks.—Feb. 8th, arrived, Lord Aylesbury's Cantinere, in foal to Adventurer. Foaled, Feb. 14th, Mr. S. Crauford's Heather Bell, a bay colt to Adventurer, and will be put to him again.

Easton Lodge Paddock, Dunmow.—Galopin and the Miner have arrived at Easton Lodge, both looking well; also Mr. Crauford's Lizzie Grey Stocks, in foal to Wenlock, and his Currie, barren to Parmesan, both to be put to Galopin.

At Woodlands Stud, Knitsley Station, county Durham, on January 7, Etoile du Nord (dam of Etoile Polaire, King's Lynn, &c.), by Touchstone, a brown colt by Macgregor, and will be put to Argyle. On January 14, Isabel (dam of St. Vincent, &c.), by Hobbie Noble, a bay filly by Macgregor, and will be put to Argyle. On January 20, Sylvanie (dam of Delia), a brown colt, by Paul Jones, and will be put to Macgregor. On February 12, Jennie, by Newminster, a bay colt by Stentor, and will be put to Argyle. Arrived to Macgregor: Lord Aberdour's Witless, by Barnton; Mr. Van Haansbergen's Vishnu (dam of Mandarin, &c.), by Lambton, in foal to Macgregor; Palm Leaf (dam of Bonnie Lad, &c.), in foal to Idus; Mr. Frizell's Curfew, by Saunterer, in foal to Macgregor; Curtain Lecture, by Cure, in foal to Argyle; Knavery, by Lord Clifden, in foal to Argyle. Arrived to Idus: Nebula, by Longbow, in foal to Idus; Countess, in foal to Idus. Arrived to Argyle: Emerald (dam of Snowdrop).

Mr. Arthur Parson's Maid of Sparta (in foal to The Miner) arrived at the Glasgow Stud Paddocks, Doncaster, on February 7, to be put to The Rake.

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THURSDAY, 1st March, the contents of the remaining bed-rooms, billiard-room, the rich and elaborate furniture of drawing-room, the collection of pictures, including sixteen sketches in chalk by Greuze, paintings by Greuze, Vanderbroek, Madame le Doux, Mignard, Ricketts, Verandae, Armfield; portrait by Gainsborough.

FRIDAY, 2nd March, the rare and costly china, glass, linen, and damask, of the choicest manufacture; the cellar of wines, including port (1850), clarets, Chateau Lafite, Chateau Yquem, madeira, hocks, dry sherry, burgundy, champagne, fine cognac brandy (1832), sparkling hock, Moselle, Johannisberg (1865), liqueurs, two hogsheds of Sauterne, four hogsheds of claret, 20-gallon cask of fine whiskey; 36 boxes of fine cigars.

MONDAY, 5th March, the live stock and outdoor effects; archery, Badminton, and other games; six breechloaders by Grant and Horn, pea rifle, express rifle, two revolvers; 11 carriages (nearly new), brougham, landau, mail phaeton, four-in-hand complete, dog-cart, two wagoettes, victoria, nearly all by Messrs. Thorn; Lady Adelaide, lady's hack, the noted prize-winner; three carriage horses, with sets of silver-plated harness complete for each, by Merry; saddles, bridles, horse clothing for winter and summer; 13 Alderney and Channel Island cows and heifers and bull, Berkshire sows, numerous plants, sack of oats about 36 quarters, butt of hay, small lot of fir in plantation.

And will CONCLUDE on TUESDAY, 6th March, with the 20,000 ounces of silver including richly-chased tea and coffee services, silver-gilt tankards, tempus James I., Cromwell, Charles I.; massive silver chandelier, (1,900 oz.) with enrichments; Queen Anne's silver coffee pot, silver-handled knives and forks, dessert knives and forks, antique silver table candlestick (1697), Elizabethan brown jug, gold mounted; superb soup tureens, antique silver dishes (William and Mary, 1692), meat dishes and covers, venison dish (677 oz.); grand centre embossed candelabra, richly ornamented, for 10 lights, (549oz.); silver chocolate pot (1680); numerous silver-gilt dishes and side and centre pieces, antique silver candlesticks (1744), stirrup cups (1630 and 1680); ice pail, with emblematical designs; salt cellar (London mark, 1601); loving cups, silver-gilt statue, numerous plated articles; magnificent diamond bracelet and splendid diamond collet; gem rings, 22 carat gold, with diamonds, rare emeralds, amethysts, sapphires, &c.; splendid dressing-case with silver fittings.

To be viewed on Thursday by order, and on Friday and Saturday prior to sale. Admission by catalogues (1s. each), to be had on the premises; at the Shakespeare, Royal Oak, and Dover Castle Hotels, Dover; at the White Hart, Margate; of Messrs. Gamien and Son, 3, Gray's Inn-square; of W. H. Hudson, Esq., 1, Furnival's Inn; and of the Auctioneer, 20, Regent-street, S.W.

Grand Billiard Table by Thurston.

MR. BEAL will SELL, amongst the effects at Kearsney Abbey (see above), on MARCH 1,

Grand Oak BILLIARD TABLE, 12ft. long, improved india-rubber cushions, fitted with electric marking board, on eight massive legs, elaborately and handsomely carved, with complete set of balls, cues, rack, butts, rests, pool balls, pyramids balls, settees in morocco, ventilating gasolier for six lights, carpet rugs, manufactured expressly for the owner's seat at Helton Hall by Messrs. Thurston, at a cost of several hundred pounds.—Catalogues of the auctioneer, 20, Regent-street, S.W.

Kearsney Abbey, near Dover.—Horses, Carriages, Harness, Archery, &c.

MR. BEAL is instructed to SELL by AUCTION, on the premises, on MONDAY, March 5, 1877, at eleven for twelve o'clock precisely—A LADY'S HACK (the Lady Adelaide, a well-known prize winner), three capital Carriage Horses, and the Carriages, including a nearly new four-horse drag, fitted in the most elaborate style, a capital wagoette, elegant phaeton, a miniature and double brougham, victoria phaeton, mail phaeton, and a landau, all of the best workmanship, and built by Thorn; a capital tandem dog-cart by Inwood, a single ditto by Bligh, and large wagoette by Veasey; 15 sets of single and double harness, plated and brass mounted, in perfect order, ladies' side saddles, several sets of summer and winter horse clothing; also a capital set of archery complete; the games of lawn tennis, Badminton, and croquet.

May be viewed privately by orders. Catalogues of the whole seven days' sale, 1s. each, may be had at the auction offices, 20, Regent-street, Waterloo-place, London, S.W.

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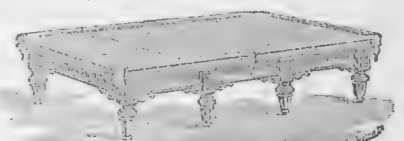
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GRAND PREMIUM GIFT.

THE LONDON FINE ART ASSOCIATION.

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Have concluded arrangements by which each Subscriber to this week's

ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS

Will be entitled to receive one copy of a magnificent engraving, by Burnet, of the celebrated painting by the late David Wilkie, R.A.,

ENTITLED

THE CHELSEA PENSIONERS

Reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo.

(Copyright. 17 1/2 in. by 3 1/2 in.)

This Picture commemorates one of England's proudest days—the Battle of Waterloo had been fought and won, and the official account of the victory was nowhere so eagerly received as by the true and gallant Chelsea Pensioners. Although then old and wounded, the vivid remembrance of former campaigns would naturally excite their keenest interest in the Continental warfare which was then raging. It can, therefore, easily be imagined the intense excitement which must have prevailed amongst them upon the receipt of so authentic a report of the success of the British Troops. Wilkie, as usual, proved himself equal to the occasion in grasping the subject with his extraordinary skill, and by leaving behind him a picture of such a national character, painted in a manner which defies not only being surpassed, but even equalled, an importance was certainly obtained which must ever be associated with his splendid works. Composed, as the picture is, of nearly fifty figures, description is, perhaps a little difficult. The centre position is occupied by the most important thing—namely, the Gazette, which is being read aloud by an old Pensioner, to the perfect delight of the exuberant and motley crowd surrounding him. Characters of every kind seem to be depicted, from the six-foot guardsman to the tiny child. Excitement is the only word with which to describe so animated a scene. All are evidently absorbed in the momentous question.

This Engraving will form an admirable companion to Wilkie's other pictures, "Duncan Gray," "The Kent Day" and "The Blind Fiddler," which have previously been published by the LONDON FINE ART ASSOCIATION.

The school with which Wilkie, Cox, and Turner were so closely associated, is no doubt that which English taste has pronounced to be the most acceptable and popular. It is, in fact, open to question whether at any time there has been such a demonstrative feeling in favour of any one style as has been shown in connection with pictures by the above celebrated artists.

Engravings of works which accord with the taste above described will be published in connection with the London Fine Art Association, and the present is the fourth of a series of Engravings which will be published from time to time.

It is important that early application should be made for THE CHELSEA PENSIONERS by those who wish to become possessed of the whole set of Engravings which will be published, as after the date mentioned below it will be too late to send for a copy of the above celebrated work.

It is particularly requested that the name and addresses of applicants may be written as legibly as possible, and that the instructions below may be carefully attended to.

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This presentation Picture will be sent free to any part of Great Britain or Ireland, securely packed, upon receipt of the Coupon found below, together with Twenty Pence in Stamps or Post Office Order for Eighteen Pence (the latter much preferred), to pay cost of case, transmission, copyright and other charges. Post Office Orders should be made payable to Mr. HENRY STANLEY, General Post Office, London.

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HENRY STANLEY, Secretary.

Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

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AND NOT AT THE OFFICE OF THIS NEWSPAPER.

And with each application the above Voucher, which will not be available after the

4th MARCH, 1877,

Must be enclosed, and as the Premium Voucher for the above Engraving will not again appear in THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, early advantage should be taken of the present occasion.

STUD HORSES.

AT SHEFFIELD LANE PADDOCKS, SHEFFIELD.

ADVENTURER, at 100 guineas. MANDRAKE, by Weatherbit, dam, Mandragora, by Rataplan, will serve a limited number of mares at 25 guineas each. PRETENDER, a limited number of mares at 15 guineas each, winners or dams of winners of 200 sovs. at half-price. TYNEDALE, by Warlock, dam, Queen of the Tyne, by Tomboy, at 10 guineas each, winners or dams of winners at half-price. Apply to Mr. BULMER, as above.

CROFT STUD FARM, NEAR DARLINGTON. SEASON 1877.

ALBERT VICTOR, by Marsyas out of The Princess of Wales. Thirty-five thoroughbred mares, at 25 guineas each; groom's fee included. ANDREW, by Blair Atol out of Woodcraft, the dam Kingcraft. A limited number of thoroughbred mares, at 10 to 100; groom's fee, £1 1s. CAMBALLO, 5 years old, by Cambuscan out of Little Lady, will serve 10 thoroughbred mares at 20 guineas each, and 1 guinea the groom. Foaling mares, 25s. per week; barren mares, 18s. per week. All demands to be paid before the mares are taken away. Winners or dams of winners of £200 at one time half-price. Apply to the MANAGER, as above.

NEWBRIDGE HILL STUD FARM, BATH.

ASTEROID (Sire of Siderolite, Monaco, Concha) by STOCKWELL, at 15 gs. JOSKIN (Sire of Plebeian, the Middle Park Plate winner, 1874), by WEST AUSTRALIAN, at 15gs. GROOM'S FEE: 1 GUINEA. THOMAS INSALL, Stud Groom.

AT THE STUD COMPANY'S FARM, COBHAM, SURREY.

BLUE GOWN, at 100gs. CARNIVAL, at 50gs. GEORGE FREDERICK, at 50gs. WILD OATS, at 25gs. CATERER, at 25gs. All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Foaling mares at 25s. per week; barren mares, 20s. per week. Apply to JOSEPH GRIFFITH, Stud-groom.

AT FINSTALL PARK, BROOMSGROVE.

CARDINAL YORK, by Newminster, limited to twenty-five mares, at 40 guineas each. PAUL JONES, by Buccaneer, limited to twenty-five mares, at twenty guineas each. Foaling mares, 25s. per week; barren mares, 18s. per week. Apply to the STUD GROOM.

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CATHEDRAL, by Newminster out of Stolen Moments, by Melbourne. In 1874, his stock won £9,200. He is sire of many good stayers. Limited to twenty-five mares, at 40 guineas. Apply to Mr. WATSON, or to THOS. EDMONDS, Stud Groom, Wareley, Hartlebury, Worcestershire.

AT HIGHFIELD HALL, ST. ALBANS.

THE FOLLOWING STALLIONS WILL STAND FOR 1877.

KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK, THE (sire of Knight of the Crescent, Moslem, Orangeman, Tenedos, The Knight, Queen of the Rees, &c.), by The Knight of St. George out of Pocahontas (the dam of Stockwell, Rataplan, King Tom, Knight of Kars, &c., &c.). He is the only horse now at the stud, except King Tom, out of Pocahontas by Glenroe, from whom the best horses in America are descended. His stock have won over £34,000.—Thoroughbred Mares at 20 Guineas, groom's fee included. COCK OF THE WALK, black horse (foaled 1865) by Chanticleer out of Whimsical, by Launcelot—Whim by Voltaire—Fancy by Osmond.—At 20 Guineas a Mare, Groom's Fee included. His yearlings are very good. TICHBORNE, a handsome bay horse, 16 hands high, 6 yrs old, sound and without blemish, by Trumpeter out of Mermaid, by Buccaneer—Naiad by Weatherbit; winner of the October Handicap and other races, and fifth in the Cesarewitch.—At 10 Guineas Thoroughbred Mares, 5 Guineas Half-bred Mares, groom's fee included.

All subscriptions for thoroughbred mares to be taken of Mr. TATTERSALL, at Albert Gate; half-bred mares of Mr. ELMER, at Highfield Hall, St. Albans. Terms, 20s. per week barren mares; 25s. mares in foal and with foals. All letters to meet mares, &c., to be sent to Mr. ELMER, Highfield Hall, St. Albans. Terms, 20s. per week barren mares; 25s. mares in foal and with foals.

AT BEENHAM HOUSE, READING.

KING OF THE FOREST will cover Thirty Mares (including his Owners) at 30gs. Groom's fee, 1 guinea. Apply to THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, as above. (The Subscription is Full).

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LOWLANDER, by Dalesman.—A limited number of approved mares, at 25 guineas; groom £1. The BARON, by King Tom, dam Bay Celia (dam of The Duke and the Earl), at 5 guineas; groom, 5s.; foaling mares, 25s. a week; barren mares, 20s. a week. Apply to Mr. R. SIOBBART, Stud Groom, Wassand, Hull.

AT NEASHAM HALL STUD FARM.

LEOLINUS, at 25 sovs, and One Guinea the Groom. ATHERSTONE, 12 guineas, groom's fee included. KAISER, at 10 guineas, and 1 guinea the groom. Foaling mares at 25s., and barren at 17s. per week. Apply to Mr. COOKSON, or the Stud Groom.

1877.

AT OLD OAK FARM, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

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SYRIAN, by Mentmore, out of Princess; a limited number of mares at 25gs. and 1 sov. the groom.

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SUFFOLK, by North Lincoln out of Protection (Margery Daw's dam), by Defence, at 15 guineas, groom's fee included.

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ST. LIZ, by Y. Melbourne out of Infanta, by Orlando, grandam Ma Mie, by Jerry out of Fanchon, by Lapdog; Jerry by Smolensko, by Sorcerer; Jerry's dam, Louisa, by Orville. St. Liz is a beautiful bay, with black points upwards of 16 hands high, and has great bone and muscular power, combined with fine symmetry and perfect soundness. St. Liz was a good racehorse, and his valuable blood deserves the attention of breeders. Thoroughbred mares 7 guineas; half-bred, 3 guineas; groom, 5s.

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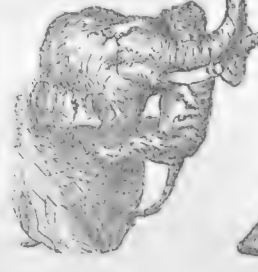
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FIRST DAY.—MONDAY, MARCH 19.

A HURDLE RACE PLATE of 80 sovs for horses that never won a hurdle race of the value of 100 sovs; entrance 3 sovs; one mile and a half, over six hurdles. The DODDINGTON HUNTERS' HURDLE RACE of 60 sovs and 5 for the second, for hunters qualified under Grand National Rules; entrance 3 sovs; about two miles and a half, over ten hurdles.

SECOND DAY, TUESDAY, MARCH 20.

The ELSHAM HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs each, 3 ft (to the fund), with 100 added; two miles, over eight hurdles.

The FULL CRY STEEPLECHASE PLATE of 80 sovs, and 5 for the second, for hunters duly qualified under Grand National Rules; entrance 3 sovs; over the steeplechase course. About three miles and a half.

THIRD DAY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21.

The LINDUM STEEPLECHASE (Handicap) of 5 sovs each, 3 ft (to the fund), with 100 added. About three and a half miles.

The GONE AWAY PLATE of 60 sovs, and 5 for the second horse, for hunters qualified under Grand National Rules; entrance 3 sovs. About two miles, on the flat.

The STONEBOW HURDLE PLATE of 80 sovs; entrance 3 sovs. One mile and a half, over six hurdles.

The above stakes close and name on Tuesday, Feb. 20, to Messrs. Weatherby, or Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, London; Mr. R. Johnson, York; or to WILLIAM FORD, Clerk of the Course.

For lists and full particulars apply to the Clerk of the Course.

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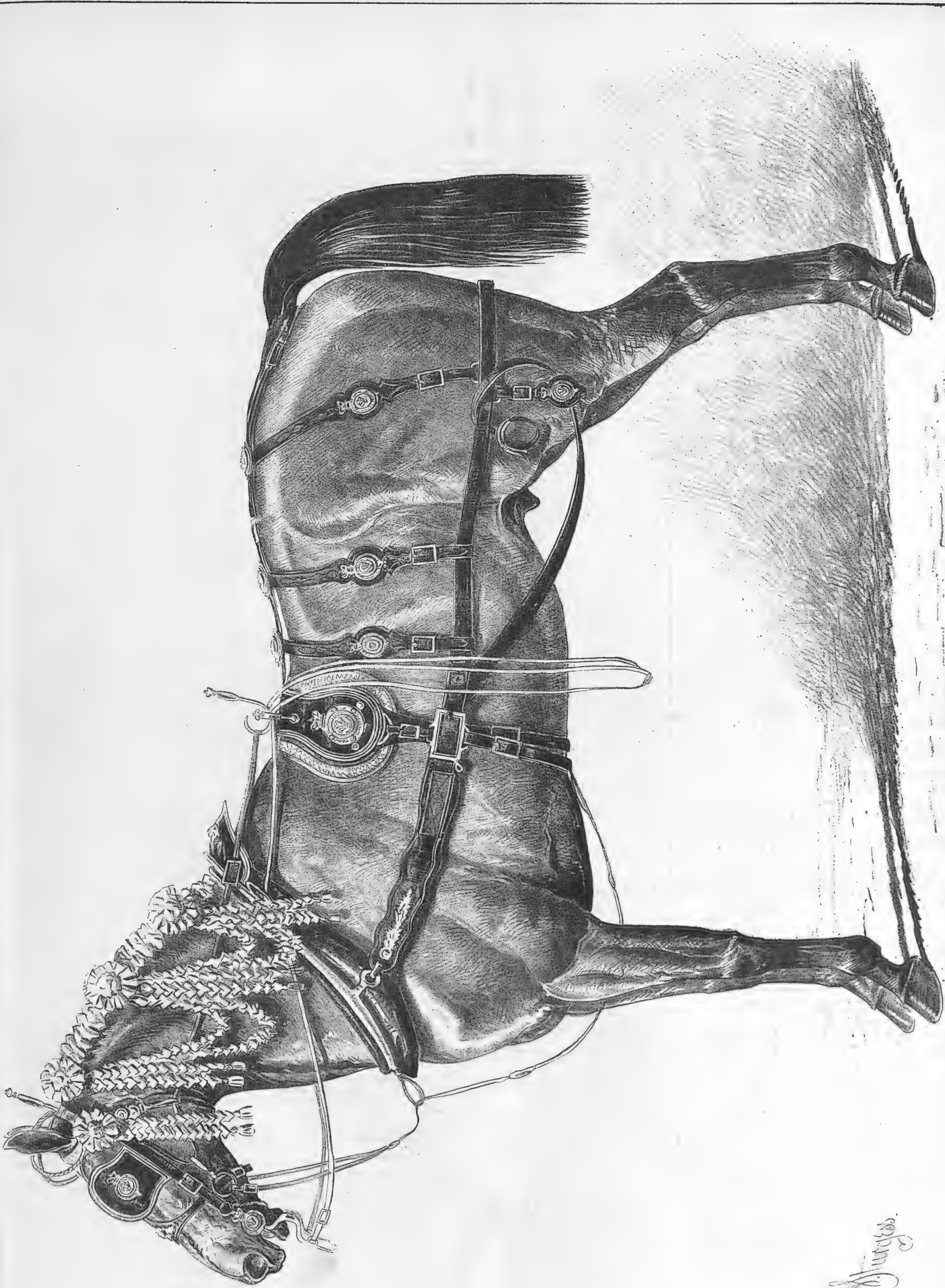
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Corner of Clifford Street. (Opposite Long's Hotel).

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

** We have hitherto answered the larger number of letters containing
queries, by post, but these are now becoming so numerous that for the future
we shall reply only through the medium of this column.

SPORTING.

A Correspondent writes:—"Having forwarded to an old friend of mine,
John B. Collins, Esq., surgeon, of Dulverton, Somerset, a copy of your
paper containing sketches of stag-hunting, I, this morning, received a
letter from him containing the following paragraph, which I think will
interest most of your readers:—"On Thursday, in last week (i.e., last
Thursday week), whilst riding during a misty rain over Heatheridge,
within a mile of the town, I suddenly came upon three magnificent stags
in the road, which let me come within twenty yards of them, and then
quietly bounding over the low fence, they drew up in line within
fifteen yards of the road. I walked quietly past them and surveyed them
minutely from hoof to top, standing stock still on some turned turfs
which had been recently spaded. All of them had all their rights of brow,
bay, and tray; whilst two had four on top of each horn; and the other,
four on one side, and three on the other, making collectively twenty-three
on top. I could not have believed we had three such animals in the
country, had I not seen them. I may add that the writer hunts regularly
with the Devon and Somerset stag-hounds, and is the son of the late Mr.
Collins, whose book is considered the authority in matters connected
with stags and stag hunting." [As this is the column in which our con-
tention in a certain memorable controversy, concerning the meaning of
the word "slot" was started, we considered it an appropriate place for
the above letter.—Ed.]

JAMES S.—Belle Dame was bred by Mr. Allen, of the Lodge, Malton.
No 18.—Crucifix won the Oaks and more than eleven other races, the net
stakes of which exceeded £11,000, before she was three years old.

DRAMATIC.

W. T. G. H.—Mr. Henry Forester, who was an excellent light comedian,
died shortly after he became lessee of the Gravesend Theatre in 1840.

E. V.—No, merely a walking (stick) gentleman, of whom we have been
content to hear nothing for many years.

A YOUNG STUDENT.—It was Harlaf, Bishop of Paris, who forbade Molière
Christian burial because he was an actor. This bishop's death was due
to constant and beastly intemperance, on which ground, however, no one
forbade him Christian burial.

A. Z.—The Princess's Theatre, in Oxford-street, was built on the site of the
Queen's Bazaar.

EDMUND WARREN.—The performance took place in 1860, on March 7, at
the Lyceum Theatre.

N. POTT.—Mr. T. Mead was born on the 22nd of August, 1821, at Cam-
bridge. He commenced acting as an amateur when he was sixteen years
of age, and he made his first professional attempt at the Devon Theatre,
as Aroembo in *Pizarro*. His first London appearance was made at the
Victoria Theatre in 1846. Several dramas were written by Mr. Mead,
but we do not know their histories.

A READER.—(1) The players of the Globe Theatre to which Shakespeare
belonged, were called "the Lord Chamberlain's servants" until A.D.
1603, when they became "His Majesty's servants." (2) We might have
given greater force to the suggestion, by adding that similar evidence
renders it highly probable that Shakespeare's own grandfather, as well as
his wife's, aided Richmond by military service at the battle of Bosworth
Field, and was rewarded either by a grant of public money or lands;
most probably by the former.

V.—Liston married a Miss Tyrer, a beautiful vocalist, who used to sing at
Covent Garden Theatre. Her husband used to say that when she was
single she was like an old room door in cold weather—wanted List-on to
complete her usefulness.

O. L.—The lady's character is unimpeachable.

G. DE C.—The *Lav of Lombardy*, an old tragedy in five acts, [was written
by Robert Jephson, the author of several other plays.

OLD AIL.—The first dramatic work of Richard Brinsley Sheridan was *The
Rivals*, which was first played in 1775, at Covent Garden Theatre. The
first play written by Knowles was *The Gipsy*, which was played at Bel-
fast by Edmund Kean.

EDMOND.—1. We are familiar with the character, but cannot at present
recall the name of the play. Will endeavour to reply next week. 2. We
can as yet discover no record of Master Owen's theatrical career.
3. Mr. Rickards was an actor of the old school, who played for many
years at the Victoria, and other London and provincial theatres, and
enjoyed in his time a considerable degree of reputation. He became
insane, and died some few years since. 4. The continuation of our
biographical sketches, prepared to accompany the portraits of famous
players of the last century, held over for want of space, will be resumed
directly the pressure of articles having current interest, or belonging to
our illustrations, decreases.

C. M.—Harry Bolen, brother to Fred Mason (better known as the Bull-
dog), was born at Islington-green, two doors from where Sam Collins's
Music Hall now stands.

MUSICAL.

THOMAS CLAY.—Sinclair the celebrated singer was at one time a drummer
in the Aberdeenshire Militia.

EVA SAMPSON.—The Signora Margarita Durasstauti came to England with
Francesco Bernardo Senesino, to fulfil an engagement with Handel, and
sang in this country till the year 1723. The song written for her by Pope
was prepared for her farewell performance in great haste. Dr. Arbuthnot
wrote a burlesque parody of it, which was published and afforded the town
considerable amusement. Pope wrote:—

"Generous, gay, and gallant nation,
Bold in arms, and bright in arts;
Land secure from all invasion!
All but Cupid's gentle darts!
From your charms, oh! who would run?
Who would leave you for the sun."
Happy soil—adieu—adieu! &c.

Dr. Arbuthnot wrote:—

Puppies, whom I now am leaving,
Merry sometimes, always mad;
Who lavish most when debts are craving
On fool, and farce, and masquerade.
Who would not from such bubbles run,
And leave such blessings for the sun.
Happy soil and simple crew
Let old sharpers yield to new.

P. JONES.—We feel sure that your faint recollection of Adelina Patti and
Giuglini playing together at Her Majesty's Theatre in the May or June
of 1862, is a mistaken one.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OWEN TEVOR.—In South Devon, within a few miles of Torquay. We are
unacquainted with the extent of the population.

R. REVEREND.—The statement went the round of the press, but was untrue.
Mr. Harrison Ainsworth afterwards wrote to the editor of the *Times*,
stating that Courvoisier so far from confessing that he was incited to
commit the murder for which he suffered by reading "Jack Sheppard,"
had stated that he never read that novel.

W. HOOK.—J. C. Hook was born in London, November, 1819. His
father was a judge in Sierra Leone, and his mother a daughter of Adam
Clarke, the Bible commentator. He was made an A.R.A. in 1851.
Dante Gabriel Rossetti was also born in London, in 1828.

HENRY GREEN.—Captain Fitzgerald, formerly of the 16th Lancers, estab-
lished a military riding school, which he visited some few years ago, and
have not seen since. It was then at 9, Gloucester Crescent, Hyde Park.
The Captain had special arrangements for the accommodation of ladies
and employed riding-mistresses.

R. G.—In Welsh, the word Cwm implies a hollow, or glen; hence the name
Cwm Idwell, or the hollow of Idwell.

JAMES W. COLLINS.—A full account of Sir Philip Sidney's funeral is in
existence, and from authentic records. It was conducted with much
pomp and ceremony. The accounts record many curious particulars.
We have one extracted from "The Book of Funerals of Nicholas Dethick,
Windsor herald, son of Sir Gilbert Dethick Garter King at Arms,"
according to which there were "divers of the Qns. Mags. garde and of
my L. of Lester's men with their halberds to keepe the dores, and at the
corse coming to the west end, was gave this watch word, 'Open, the
soure fruit is come.'" The cost of the whole of this grand affair was
a hundred and seventy pounds of the time, then a much larger sum than it
now is.

R. A. W.—The circumference of the ancient walls of London were three
miles a hundred and sixty-five feet, and these were guarded on the land
side by fifteen lofty towers, one of which stood near Gravel-lane on the
west side of Houndsditch, another about eighty paces south-east towards
Aldgate, and a third at the lower end of Vinegar-yard, south of Aldgate.
The towers were forty feet, and the walls twenty-two feet in height. The
Barbican or watch tower stood a little without the walls and there were
four principal gates.

TUG MUTTON is an Eton term applied to the foundation scholars (K.S.),
who used formerly to dine in the College Hall every day off mutton,
except on Michaelmas Day and Christmas Day, when the fare was varied
to goose and beef.

J. B., writing from America, says—"A correspondent lately inquired
where the Globe playing cards might be obtained, as mentioned in
THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS. Let him apply at
535, Washington-street, Boston, Mass., United States."

We thank W.L.C. and several other correspondents for replying to A.W.,
and pointing out that the verses beginning, "In tatter'd old slippers,"
etc. were written by Thackeray. We were under the same impression at
the time when A.W.'s query was received, but had not to hand the means
of verifying it.

THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1877.

THE LATE MR. JAMES MERRY.

IN endeavouring to redeem the promise last week made
to our readers, that the portrait of Mr. Merry which adorns
these pages should be accompanied by something more
than a mere paragraph notice of one so well known in
Turf circles, we have deemed it advisable to point the
moral of his life as a sportsman rather than to adorn a tale
already twice told, but by no one in a happier or more
faithful manner than by "Argus," whose biography of the
late Laird of Russley, in *Baily's Magazine*, has been repro-
duced for the benefit of their readers by almost every organ
of the sporting press. Though Mr. Merry has but lately
departed from among us, he had been virtually dead to the
pursuit which made him a man of mark in the eyes of
Englishmen for nearly two years, and though he still
"hung on" after his published determination to relinquish
racing, about the time of Doncaster's Derby victory, it
was well known among his intimate associates that hence-
forth the great Scottish ironmaster would be content
merely to work out the splendid mine of wealth repre-
sented by the two peerless chestnuts with which he had
swept the board in 1873, and to retire with them into
private life. The sun of no patron of the Turf could have
set more gloriously, or in more remarkable contrast to
the "declining light of other days" which has rendered
the exits of less fortunate individuals from their favourite
pursuit cloudy and obscure. "*Felix opportunitate seces-
sionis*" might be the parody on a well-known sentence
appropriately applied to Mr. Merry's retirement, though
it might seem that the highest honours of the Turf, for
which he had been striving so persistently since Thor-
manby's year, were somewhat tardy in crowning his work;
but it was fated that the reward of much patience and
determination should not be withheld, and what one
winter Derby favourite after another failed to accomplish,
it was left for the despised outsider and "dark" horse
to carry through triumphantly at the eleventh hour.

If we were asked to point out the key-stone of Mr.
Merry's success on the Turf, we should be induced to attri-
bute his almost uniform good fortune more to the peculiar
combination of qualities which rendered their owner
capable of holding his own among the keen diplomatists
with whom he was brought in contact, than to any other
external circumstance operating in his favour. Cautious
business habits and a consequent determination to look
into and to weigh affairs accurately, and to judge for him-
self upon all points, may be regarded as the first great steps
towards success in any line of life, and especially do they
apply to men engaged in so eminently dangerous and risky
a game as the premiership of a racing stable. Knowledge
of horses, keen observation and calm comparison of their
performances, and the rare gift of "putting them together,"
allowing the least margin for uncertainty and no room
whatever for deception—these, too, were qualifications
which Mr. Merry brought to bear upon the hobby of his
life; while he had not failed to profit by the teachings of
experience, and to mark and avoid the errors or mistakes
of other competitors for honours in the same field. Yet
those remarkable gifts above enumerated would have been
comparatively useless without unflinching pluck and per-
severance, a determination to carry on the game in a line
marked out after due deliberation, and that consistent,
straightforward method of dealing with men and matters
which stamps the "master of his fate." With almost un-
bounded resources to back up his favourite pastime, and
with the rare talent of keeping speculation within safe
limits, and acting only upon information personally
acquired and thoroughly tested, what wonder was it that
James Merry stood out a veritable giant, even in days
which produced so many racing contemporaries of high
calibre, or that his wasp-like colours should attract such a
following among the public as few have been able to rally
season after season, in luck or out of it, and alike through
good and evil report?

Comrades in the sport and outsiders alike ranged them-
selves under the yellow and black banner through sheer
downright admiration for the sportsman who did things in
such dashing and thorough style, who stood at no formid-
able figure of original cost or subsequent outlay to ensure
the prospect of success, who bred, and entered, and raced
in such princely style, and who carried through anything
he undertook with one object only in view, his highest
aim being to excel in the highest places. Mr. Merry's
characteristic reply to a friend has been quoted, who was
inclined to attribute his popularity to his always having
"studied the public." "Nay, mon, ye maun mak the
public study you;" and there was much truth and shrewd-
ness in the observation, which furnished the key-note to
many of his actions, which were misconstrued at first, but
which time has afterwards set right. It is not every one
who can bring himself to believe that the shortest road to
honour is the straightest, and many have erred by wan-
dering out of the way, misled by those *ignes fatui* which
they vainly suppose represent public opinion, but which
are in reality mere casual emanations from dangerous
and uncertain places. It cannot be said that Mr. Merry
either courted popularity for its own sake, or that he was
even qualified to do so, by fair words and smooth promises,
both of which he sedulously eschewed. No man possessed
in a less degree the honeyed tongue, or had less respect
for the little amenities of speech which sweeten inter-
course, even among turfites; on the contrary, there was
about him a *rusticitas inconcinna*, and, at times, a coarse
violence of language which offended many, and was,
doubtless, among the causes which led to his non-enrol-
ment in the ranks of our turf senators. No man ever
kept his counsel better, and though his horses were in-
variably "rushed at" when any movement in their favour
was once suspected to proceed from head-quarters, the
forestalment cry was never raised, and caprice never guided
his pen through a horse's name, nor wanton malice dic-
tated its withdrawal.

The platoon of volumes bound in "law calf," which fills every sportsman's bookcase, contain records of the story of Mr. Merry's racing life from year to year, and from the day when he first went a plating on the Northern circuit with Florentia down to the crowning triumph of Doncaster at Ascot. Chanticleer may be said to have been his first cause of promotion among the leaders of sport, while the Two Thousand victory of "Isles" gave him brevet rank; but it was Thormanby who fairly rallied the clans around their racing commander-in-chief; and henceforth, wherever Merry led, the public followed, clinging to each substantial Derby favourite until the bitter end, and ever on the look out for news from Russley. For his sake they crowded sympathetically around the "luckless, game Dundee," as he hobbled back to Sherwood's after his fatal falter at the distance—they lamented over the failure of Buckstone benefits at Epsom and Doncaster—they made excuses for the "Chief," they mourned over the cruel fate of Liddington, and the "plucking" of Student—they stood to be shot at for Marksman's sake—they hoped against hope with the roaring Belladrum, and took their licking like men with the bold outlaw Macgregor—they cheered back to scale that sterling little 'un, King of the Forest; and reproached themselves only for not having their "bit on" the mysterious Doncaster. After him came the phantom Glenalmond, and then the darkness thickens, and the flashes of yellow grow fainter by degrees, until the end really crowns the work, and a great luminary falls from among the orbs of first magnitude, studding the hemisphere of the Turf. Looking back upon the track of that "bright occidental star," who can say that the line of light, if broken in places, does not gloriously maintain its radiance—or that the bright example, though extinguished, fails to dwell in the vision of its admirers still? But there remain other traits to be considered in connection with Mr. Merry's Turf career, and other incidents to be portrayed, illustrative of the character and temper of the man in his dealings with the world of sport in which he moved. Of trainers his experience must have been an extended one, for although he did not, like his contemporary and countryman, the Earl of Glasgow, go the round of all professors of the art in the kingdom, his changes were somewhat frequent, until he finally settled down with Matt Dawson as private trainer at Russley, who was in turn succeeded by James Waugh and Robert Peck. That his judgment both in breeding and purchasing must have been of the highest order is sufficiently evident from the fact that in whatsoever hands his horses were placed an even tenor of success persistently prevailed in his establishment, and though he never bred a winner of the Derby, he "came anigh" more than once with Buckstone, Scottish Chief, and King of the Forest. Dundee, Marksman, and Doncaster were all fortunate purchases, but although his choice collection of brood mares never brought him a blue-riband hero, in the evening of life the wish of his heart was well nigh satisfied by the production of the peerless Marie Stuart, one of the best mares of modern times, and an Oaks and St. Leger heroine. His good fortune in breeding has been referred to his purchase of Lord John Scott's small but choice collection of matrons, to which from time to time he made equally eligible additions; but to Lord of the Isles, we think, must be attributed the real tap-root of success, inasmuch as he not only begot Dundee and Scottish Chief, but the blood of the former came back to him in the handsome but shifty Marksman, and the latter begot King of the Forest and Marie Stuart, quite his best efforts at the Stud. His old favourite Thormanby, which no money could tempt him to sell, turned out a disappointment, though by Sunshine and a few others he was fairly represented at Russley, whose two year old strength passed into a proverb, and it was Mr. Merry's invariable policy to run his two year olds out for their engagements, thus, after the manner of Mr. John Osborne, and in accordance with his maxim, making them "sweat for the brass." He held to the opinion that if, like "old Thormanby" they could stand hammering, they would be none the worse for it, while, if there was a weak spot, the sooner it was discovered the better, thus putting owner and trainer out of their misery at once. This doctrine, perhaps, he held to rather too tenaciously, though it was singularly reversed in the case of Doncaster, who, owing to a timely kick on the stifle, was kept in lavender until three years old. With his jockeys, it must be admitted that Mr. Merry was not so popular as he might have been, and the annals of Russley record perpetual changes in that department. Nearly every rider of note has in his day sported the redoubtable black and yellow, but while many owed their discharge to the capricious mind of their master, it is only fair to state that in more than one case too much room for suspicion and mistrust existed, and there seemed to be a fate against any one of the fraternity holding Mr. Merry's retainer long. Wells, Aldcroft, Chaloner, Daley, Fordham, J. Snowden, Morris, Custance, Cannon, T. Osborne, Webb, &c., only a few of the names we can at present recall, which have been associated with the long succession of Russley victories, but each in his turn failed to please, and found himself "shunted" in favour of some rising star of the day, few finding a return to favour after having been once discarded. All who had served him, however, whether in the capacity of trainer or jockey, entertained a "sneaking" kind of regard for the bluff, short-tempered, and occasionally harsh old laird, though he did not possess the reputation for that lavish, open-handed liberality which has too often borne bitter fruits in the ruin of its recipients. Mr. Merry's countenance certainly never betrayed his feelings, and he habitually wore a dejected, sourish aspect, which, strangely enough, was never more apparent than when he followed Macgregor back into the birdcage at Newmarket after his Two Thousand victory. Breeding, as he did, from such choice strains of blood, and purchasing with so much spirit and judgment, it was only natural that Mr. Merry's nominations should be made on the same liberal scale. Consequently his name as a subscriber was found in entries for all big stakes, in the South as well as in the North, and engagements for his two-year-olds were made lavishly, and included most of the produce stakes at Newmarket and elsewhere. The rich Buckenham and richer Black Duck "sweeps" annually attracted his most likely can-

didates for distinction; and fortune almost invariably declared on his side among owners of the rising racing talent. And though handicappers paid him the somewhat equivocal compliment of over-estimating the capabilities of his animals, and crushed them out of the contests for which they were entered, Mr. Merry invariably came up smiling to tempt fortune once again, and more than once met his reward in pulling through with comparatively outside chances. The Cesarewitch victory of Lioness was one of his few successes which met with a cold public reception, and we need not allude to it further in this place; but he quite took the hearts of all good and true sportsmen by storm, when, after Asteroid's defeat of Stradella in the Chester Cup, he "wired" to Russley for Buckstone, and amply fulfilled his promise of showing "where the robbery had been." But although he might favour handicaps occasionally, his inclinations were always towards the highest honours of the Turf, and he was essentially one of the weight for age patrons of sport, as distinguished from the large and rapidly increasing division which make plates and selling races their study. If Mr. Merry occasionally flew at small game, it was more for the sake of giving his support to racing generally, than of taking his part among the petti foggers; but to the Scottish fixtures he was constant to the last, faithful to the recollections of the days of his hot youth, when Beadershin and Edgar bore their owner to victory, in addition to the yellow jacket which subsequently made his name dreaded wherever his colours were unfurled.

Mr. Merry has well deserved his title of the "most dashing better of modern times," and when his commissioner entered the Ring, and gave token of the direction in which the scent lay, a hundred tongues at once opened, and leviathans turned over a fresh page in their books, and sharpened their pencils against the forthcoming onslaught. Once or twice their fire was fairly silenced, and their volumes closed in despair against the almost unlimited "metal" arrayed against them; and notably at a certain July meeting at Newmarket, when Danebury and The Duke showed so formidable a front, and the Hastings men stood up to be shot at to the last. Such a sum as that secured over Thormanby was never taken out of the Ring before, and most of it "good money" into the bargain, only one very "hot" account being wanted on the day of settling. Yet there was none of that insane plunging and reckless tempting of fortune which marked the sensational era of "our boys;" for cool calculation and calm reckoning—the ripe results of long experience—took the place of sentiment and sensationalism, and no move in the game was made under the influence of chance or a blind confidence in luck. Finesse and diplomacy there must always be in negotiations with the betting fraternity; but bold measures ensure more remunerative prices than the shilly shallying policy, which in most cases defeats its own ends, and compels the final acceptance of nominal odds or an appeal to the eliminating pen of Messrs. Weatherby. Taking Mr. Merry as an all round sportsman, considering his long connection with the turf, his almost uniform success, his munificent support of racing, his almost unrivalled reputation as a leader of sport, and, bearing in mind that the accessories of rank, high culture, and polished manners, were almost entirely wanting in his composition, may it not be said of him, that "taking him all in all," as a pillar of the sport with which his name will be forever identified, that "we need shall look upon his like again?"

AMPHION.

HEATHERTHORP.

A SPORTING STORY.

BY BYRON WEBBER.

CHAPTER V.

FURNISHES A FAITHFUL ACCOUNT OF THE SECOND AND FINAL PART OF THE GLORIOUS ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN HEATHERTHORP AND SHIPLEY; AND SHOWS HOW THE DOCTOR FARED WITH HIS WAGER.

THE happy despatch of Mr. Reginald Woodridge occurred when the June sun was at its hottest, and the scouts were reduced to the verge of utter exhaustion. His dismissal affected them like a miraculous stimulus, and when the Doctor, at the beginning of his second over, clean bowled the stayer, the entire field appeared to have entered upon a new lease of life, such prodigies of superfluous strength and dexterity did they exhibit with the ball! For the remnant of Shipley's forces were, with a single exception, "tail-end;" useful in the field, perhaps, but men of straw with the bat. And Shipley's last hope? He, Ralph Dobbison by name, an unobtrusive butcher by persuasion, was held in high esteem on both sides of the Wimple for his terrific hitting powers; but Ralph being an impetuous youth, he was seldom sent in to do battle for his side until some less choleric person had taken the edge off the enemies' bowling. Albeit since early morn he had been clothed in the flannel raiment peculiar to cricketers, and had further manifested his eagerness for the fray by a premature padding of his lower self, when he saw his friend the stayer clean bowled by the Doctor his exuberant confidence in himself underwent a sudden collapse. He met the deposed batsman ere the latter reached the tent, and under cover of requiring the loan of a glove said—

"What's it like, Rob?"

"Like?" replied the exasperated stayer, "I canna say. It looks as easy as eating—but it isn't. Bide thy time, my lad, bide thy time, and tak' no liberties wi' him!"

Never before had such a tremendous responsibility rested upon the broad shoulders of honest Ralph, and he did not like it. "Still," he thought, "this bowlin' mayn't be so queer after all." Nevertheless there was the inconvenient fact that his side wanted runs, and he, with his reputation as a slogger at stake, must do his utmost to get them. Grimly stalked he forth, treating with a smile of lofty scorn Heatherthorpean offers of liberal odds against his getting twenty. "P'raps some o' them would like to be standin' in his shoes!" Will Cranston—who always was a little too free with his chaff—ventured to hope that uncomfortable Ralph had taken the precaution to have his eyes skinned, for if he had not he might as well make his will at once. This allusion to the process of skinning Mr. Dobbison construed into a derisive reflection on his calling, and he waxed very wrath indeed. But it was no use showing off *there*, and he thereupon proceeded to take his block. So-o-o! What were they laughing at? He straightened himself stiffly, ground his teeth, and grasped the handle of his bat as though he would have squeezed it in twain. Another and a louder burst of merriment. What *did* they mean? Glancing at

the opposite end, where stood the grewsome Golightly, he—familiar with Heatherthorpe customs—discovered the pantomimic cause of the general mirth. With a rough word that sounded like a grunt in two syllables, irate Mr. Dobbison resumed his task, but it required the aid of all his philosophy to prevent his assaulting Will Cranston on the spot.

The fact was, the time had arrived for John Golightly to re-adjust his barometrical hat. He had cocked it aside, a sign to all beholders that the weather had suddenly changed in favour of Heatherthorp.

"Coom, Rêafe, lad, wacken up!" shouts a well-intentioned but injudicious Shipleyan; "fêace him like a man!"

"Leave him aëane," growls the indignant stayer; "he naws what he's aboot."

Whether he did or not he was a changed being. He was no longer a free, fierce hitter, who placed more reliance upon a good eye than on scientific tact. To mend matters he had a partner whose sole resource was an unlovely method of defence. The game, despite the Doctor's sagacious bowling, once more became stagnant. But our hero was a true cricketer; finding that the batsmen were as determined to stay at home as a pair of chin-chillas in the depth of winter, he took himself off and restored the ball to Leeson.

Now Leeson and the bold Dobbison were acquainted of old, and the change had the anticipated effect. Dobbison launched out right merrily, and although Leeson inquired more than once "if he called *that* cricket?" the batsman manifested a lofty contempt for West Riding satire, and continued to make runs.

But his reign was brief. The Doctor again threw himself into the breach, and Dobbison, rendered over-sure by uninterrupted success, fell an easy victim to the strategy of the bowler's "nut" and the readiness of Will Cranston's hands. After this little episode the innings came to a speedy conclusion, and Shipley were out for one hundred and thirty-one runs.

While the more severely critical of the spectators inspected the wicket, paced it, surreptitiously poked their sticks into it, removed stray pieces of earth from it, and squinted from one end like so many carpenters anxious for level results, another and by far the major portion of the spectators, including all the boys, invaded the borders of the play, for the purpose of rendering unquestioning homage to the heroes of the game, as they returned to the tents to refresh. Your provincial boy is your only true hero-worshipper, and as a rule he never chaffs. Verily the home-keeping youth of a town like Heatherthorp would as soon have thought of exercising their homely wits upon the heroes of this famous battle, as a maid of honour would think of deliberately sneezing in The Presence!

"Well, Doctor," said the quicksilver little Hon. Sec. as he frisked up to our hero, his smooth face wreathed in bland smiles, "it's a great fight, as I thought it would be. Only goodness knows what we would have done without you. Our bowling was cut up into mincemeat."

"Yes, they did take liberties, Mr. Essom, and my bowling is new to Shipley. Can we make the runs, think you?"

"Sure of it Doctor; that is, I would be sure—a word"—drawing the Doctor aside—"if it wasn't for the umpire. Un-mitigated old ruffian!"

"Hang him, yes," replied the Doctor, "he gave Woodridge a life."

"Of course he did; I saw it, sir, and so did scores besides. Oh, *we* know him; we have had good and sufficient reason, only the county paper gave him such a jacketing (between you and me I had it done) last summer, we hoped he had reformed. But he'd better take care, or he'll get another sort of jacketing before he leaves *this* ground!"

"No violence, I hope, Mr. Essom," said the Doctor, smiling.

"No, sir, not with *my* consent; for an umpire's an umpire, though he knows nothing about the game, and is a d—d sharp into the bargain, begging your pardon, sir. But there are some roughish lads here from the dales who would not be so particular."

"Do you want me, Matthew?" asked the Doctor of Crisp, who had approached during the interview.

"Yes; Mr. Arthur—"

"Thanks. Mr. Essom, I shall be ready when my turn comes," said the Doctor, in reply to an observation respecting the order of going in; "and now, Matthew, what is it?"

"Nothing, sir, only—"

"Only a very great deal. If you can put it into a few words," said the Doctor, good-humouredly, for he perceived that the enthusiastic Crisp had been bibulously consigning Shipley to destruction, "you may."

"It's nothing to me, sir," said the sturdy Crisp, "but if that cheating owd rip of a umpire—him know anything about cricket! some of us has forgotten mair than iver he knew! I tell you what it is, Mr. Arthur, if you don't get somebody to show him t'road back to Shipley, you may just as well turn it up. There, that's *my* opinion!"

"Oh! never mind, Mat—"

"Not out, says he—not out! with a face o' brass. Why, there was eyesight in it. I nobbut wish it was a two days' match; they'd ha' to send for a fresh umpire!"

"What, are *you* thirsting for his blood?" and the Doctor laughed outright.

Crisp, having satisfied the dictates of his conscience, touched his hat and retired; suddenly appearing to bethink himself, he returned and said in a stage whisper—

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Arthur—there's that bet?"

"Yes."

"Forty-two's a goodish score, 'specially when it's made. I think you can top it; but considerin' that old varmint of a umpire is playing for them, they'll appeal for everything, sir; I hope, Mr. Arthur, you'll not throw a chance away."

"Depend upon it I shall do my best," said the Doctor, really touched by this proof of the old-fellow's solicitude. "You must promise me not to spoil their umpire, though."

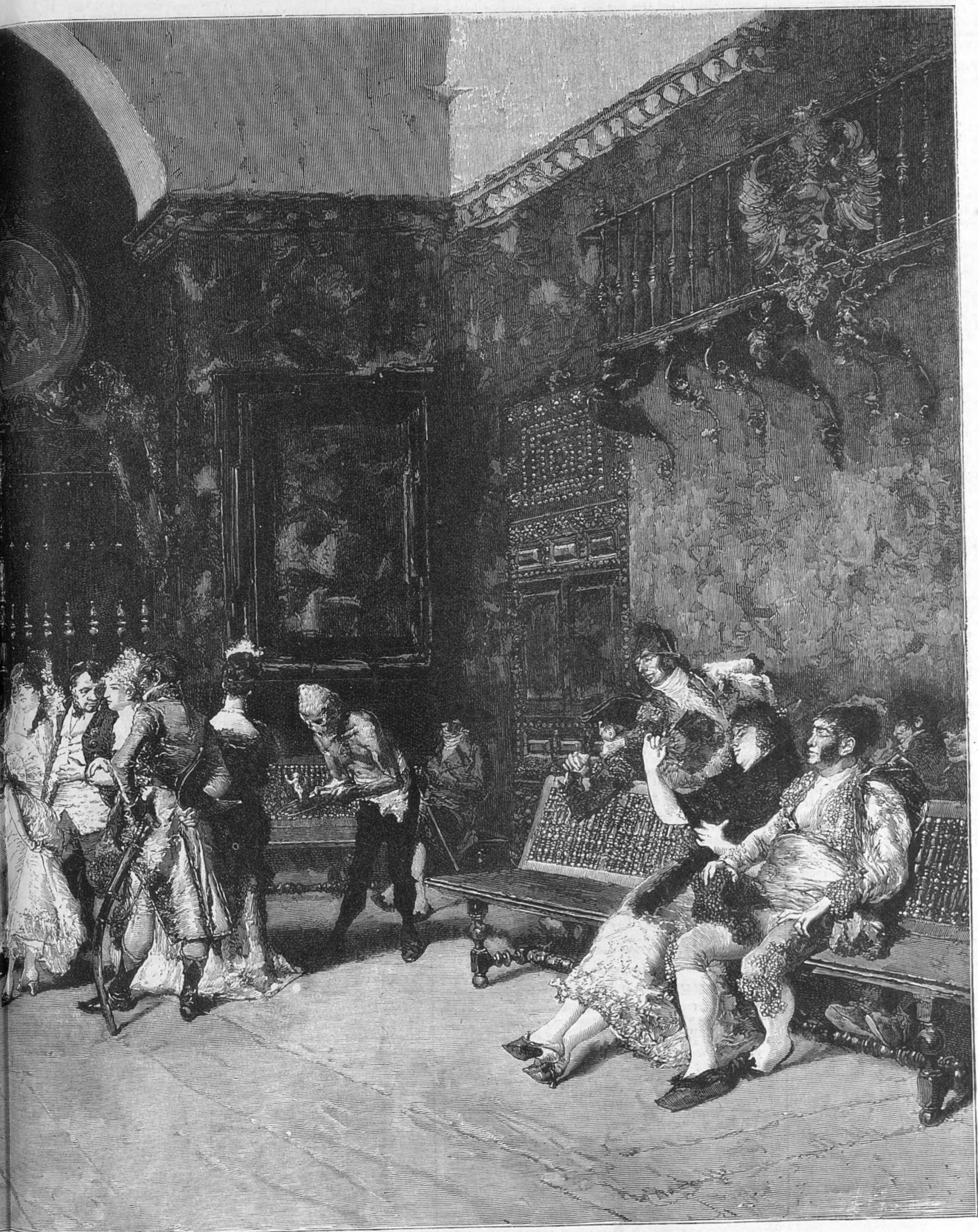
"All right, sir," said Crisp, determined, at all events, to give the unhappy official a bit of his mind if he came across him.

The Doctor had to bestow a word of affable recognition on a considerable number of the company, his patients, to exchange a few words of conversation *apropos* of nothing at all with Sir Harry Sursingle and my Lady—prodigious people in the Riding, and not to be neglected—and to steer clear of admiring rustics who would retard his progress, moved thereto by the remembrance of his recent exploits in the cause of Heatherthorp. Yet, while he was praiseworthy particular in searching for the proper recipients of his highly politic, but perfectly natural courtesy, he kept the party from The Place steadily in view. Mr. Essom had followed him, and begged the honour of his company at luncheon, but Mr. Essom had begged in vain. So honest Martin Sillery, who had anticipated a compliment from the Doctor, had to content himself with the hearty appreciation of his *cuisine* exhibited by the players.

Since the concert in aid of the restoration of the crumbling fane of St. Martin-the-Less, a marked change had come over our hero. A thorough sportsman, he still meant to try his best to win the wager, and the stake for him was sufficiently heavy, but his hopes of victory were founded on a simpler basis than when, hot and angry, he rode from The Place to Heatherthorp as though the Wild Horseman of the German legend had been close at Kelpie's heels. He yet believed Woodridge to be a conceited puppy, yet longed to show him up; but Kate—bonny peerless



A WEDDING
(From the famous



Kate—had surely too much sense to love—bah! to think of him. The idea was absurd. Now, as he lounged easily towards the Wilsons' carriage, he pleased himself—it was a lovely afternoon, remember—with building castles in the air. The penultimate stone of the roseate structure was fifty runs in the match—the ultimate, Kate “wo’ld and married and a’!”

If he could have known that her manner to him on the occasion of their last meeting was inspired by the fact of her father's having dropped more frequent hints about her and Woodridge, he would perhaps, have felt less elated. On the other hand, had he been aware that she saw through the old gentleman's clumsily-veiled praises of the ironmaster, and merely waited for a definite statement of his wishes to declare her repugnance for that young gentleman, he would have felt consoled. In her very quiescence there lay concealed a fixed determination to have none of Mr. Woodridge; her thoughts flew, as it were for refuge, to the Doctor, and hence her unwonted gentleness at the concert.

“Ha—a, Doctor!” exclaimed old Wilson in a self-satisfied sort of voice; “you are just in time for luncheon. Kate and I were talking about you.”

“Yes, Mr. Sutton,” said she, a richer colour in her cheek, and an intenser meaning in her hazel eyes testifying to her high pleasure at his presence, “papa has laid the usual Derby-day wager of a dozen pairs of gloves against your beating Mr. Woodridge's score.”

“And you, Miss Wilson?”

“Have taken it, of course,” said Kate.

“I fear you will lose your gloves,” said the Doctor, smiling.

“There Kate! That's your champion! Ha! ha! ha! What did I say? I knew he would never run 'em off, and he is losing heart. I shall hold you to the bet, mind.”

“I am sure Mr. Sutton never loses heart;” and, unconsciously to herself, she spoke with unusual fervour. “He is too excellent a cricketer. And besides he must recollect that I am on his side.”

“I shall do my very utmost, Miss Wilson,” replied the Doctor, and he could not have spoken with deeper earnestness if her life at that moment had depended on the exercise of his medical skill.

“It was once the fashion for a champion to wear his lady's favour; but all the pretty customs are dying out. Never mind; you are my champion you know; and besides, please to recollect that I have a mercenary interest in your success.”

Was it all good-natured banter? He wondered thus, as, obedient to the summons of the bell, he put an abrupt termination to his delightful half-hour's chat, and repaired to the tent for the purpose of ascertaining the order of going in. Was he her champion.

Matthew Crisp again assumed the command of the gentlemen-in-livery, and as his reticence had not increased during the luncheon hour, the said gentlemen-in-livery were less called upon than before to assist in the conversation. His attempts to have a word “with that umpire,” had been foiled by Golightly, who had counselled silence.

“It's not a bit o' use making a bother, Mat; wait till the game's over, and then please thyself; a umpire's a umpire, reck'lect.”

“But what does he know about the game?” inquired Crisp, ignoring Golightly's plea on behalf of the profession.

“Knew? Nowt; and that's the worst on't. It's bad to bide, Mat, but we mun bide it.”

The cricketers of our Riding are noble feeders. Whether the luncheon on this particular day was particularly toothsome, or whether the rival forces (habitually suspicious and morose in each other's presence) found comfort in the consumption of an unusual quantity of the smoking viands, are problems not easy of solution; one thing is certain, from Golightly with his “two bits o' salmon and his tumbler o' sherry” (a red-letter day indulgence), to the rival scorers, the two elevens fed like Sioux Indians after a forty-eight hour's fast. Yet there were absentees from the feast. The Doctor as we have seen, found metal more attractive elsewhere; while Will Cranston—mindful of his average, and hoping to play at Lord's the following year—the boy Ashton, and Dale, were not present at Martin Silly's board.

At length the innings began. One hundred and thirty-one runs were considered by Heatherthorp anything but an overwhelming score, and consequently Heatherthorp went to work with a feeling of easy confidence in the result. Not so Shipley. The bowling was true, and the fielding—always a strong point with them—keen, prompt, and certain. There was not the least occasion for the obnoxious arbitration of the unhappy umpire, since, to the dismay of cock-a-hoop Heatherthorp, Harrington, Tadcaster, and Leeson, each good for twenty runs any day in the year, were clean bowled for a total of seven. (That trying luncheon!) Ralph Dobbinson, his brawny biceps bared in a fashion that showed “he meant it,” bowled at one end, and, luckily for him, the wicket had developed “a hump,” which suited his pitch to a hair. At the other end the Shipley professional, a teasing, tiresome bowler, was doing his side excellent service. Shipley was uproarious when their professional disposed of Leeson—’twas glorious reprisals! but Heatherthorp roused itself to cheer the Doctor, who, quietly taking his turn joined the boy Ashton.

Over in the tent fidgeted Crisp. He had seen the wickets tumble in a style that boded disaster and disgrace to Heatherthorp. With the third wicket his trust in the chapter of accidents abated, and when he saw his master equipped for the fray, his feelings were too many for him, and he shouted—

“Give me six-pen'orth o' brandy—hot.”

Hot! The quicksilver registered 80 in the shade!

The bowling was too good to warrant liberties, and our hero, playing coolly, contented himself with presenting to all kinds of attack a finished and complete system of defence.

Crisp was in ecstasies, and Dobbinson in a rage. The youth Ashton emulated his coadjutor's carefulness and the bowling was fairly tickled.

“Which o' ye wants to back Shipley now?” inquired Crisp, with revived bravado. “I knew you'd change your crowing afore lang. Now, sir, let him have it. Hurrah!”

The shout, and accompanying destruction of one of Martin Silly's tumblers, followed hard upon the doctor's first hit, a slashing on-drive for four.

“There's a cricketer for ye!” exclaimed Crisp. “Another brandy hot, and a whole glass!”

The play, thenceforward for a few overs, was fair give-and-take, nothing to boast of either way, when the youth, having put together a careful half-dozen, was taken behind the wicket. Four men out for nineteen runs. Lissome Will Cranston now joined the Doctor, and the Heatherthorp scorer sharpened his pencil.

“Jack,” observed Cranston, as he took his place alongside of Golightly, “thou'll soon have to shift thy hat, old fellow. Thou sees' yon board?”

“Ay.”

“There's nineteen up, isn't there?”

“Yes.”

“There'll be ninety before I leave. I feel I can make 'em to day. Hu!” and with this barbarous ejaculation he swept the air fiercely, and made an imaginary cut for six!

'Twas even so. Cranston played well, and most aggravatingly, until each bowler lost his temper. He would talk, and for every ball sent to him he had a word of greeting. All the straight balls he returned with a contemptuous air that was most amusing, at the same time civilly requesting the bowler to oblige him again.

Not gentlemanly cricket perhaps, but it served,—served in the present case to incense Mr. Dobbinson, and to provoke more than one cross answer from the Shipley professional. In due time the bowling reflected the temper of the operators, and became wild. Then followed the punishment. It was awfully severe, and excited the beholders beyond measure. Cranston played like one “posset,”—threw away his cap, and hit out at everything; and when the Doctor got a chance, he likewise displayed his slogging capabilities.

“So! I expected it,” observed Crisp, as Woodridge took the ball from Dobbinson. “Flashy, my lad, like thy battin'.”

Mr. Reginald Woodridge's bowling was in no wise remarkable. It consisted of a pretty delivery, a swift pace, and nothing more. Both Cranston and the doctor mastered it at once. Kate, who looked with all the eyes she had when Woodridge began, was overjoyed to find, from the curt answers she received from her papa, the remarks of the critics grouped around the carriage, and her own crude knowledge of the game, that the Doctor's prospects were fully as bright as they had been. But careful observers saw in Cranston's recklessness much cause for apprehension.

The doctor had made nearly forty in worthy style, when Cranston, putting one easily away—ran. There was really not half a run in it, but the Doctor responded, and got home just a shade sooner than the ball.

“How's that?” sharply and simultaneously queried several voices.

“Out,” coolly responded the Shipley umpire.

Such a yell as thereupon arose from proletarian Heatherthorp had never been heard on the ground before. The spectators, with one accord, crowded into the play, and in two minutes there was a scene of the greatest confusion.

“Turn him off the ground!” “Bonnet him!” “Duck him in the river!” angrily suggested the most violent of the righteously-indignant Heatherthorpians; several rough dalesmen manifesting a desire to carry these mild suggestions into immediate execution. But Shipley rallied round their umpire, prepared for the worst, and the would-be aggressors held their hands.

“Do you think it was out?” calmly queried the Doctor.

“I do.”

Another groan,—another volley of threats.

“No violence, gentlemen, please. Let us not disgrace ourselves. You think it was out—very well, I bow to your decision; but I am not the less sure that it was *not* out.”

“Well done, Doctor!—give it him,” shouted the crowd.

“One moment. I do not say you were aware of the circumstance, but I backed my innings against the innings of one of your side, and—I've lost, of course.”

“Do you insinuate anything, Doctor Sutton?” said Woodridge, hotly.

“No sir. I never insinuate. What I have to say, I speak right out. You have won your bet, and you have to thank him for it.” And the Doctor, pointing to the unhappy official, walked proudly away.

By the exercise of a good deal of soothing diplomacy, Essom quelled the disturbance, although it was some time first. Meanwhile Crisp never stirred from his seat. He was completely cowed; hadn't even the heart to aid in badgering the umpire. It had fallen out exactly as he had foretold. The Doctor sought him out, and could hardly forbear smiling at his rueful countenance when he, in answer to a sharp summons, started and stood suddenly erect.

“Tell Robson I will meet him in half-an-hour. And attend to the horses—” immediately adding, in another tone, “I had nearly done it: got thirty-nine. We shall meet again, Mat, never fear,—then let him look out.”

Crisp groaned, touched his hat, and departed. The battle ended at sunset, gloriously in favour of Heatherthorp, and the popular feeling of the town was satisfied. The Shipley umpire was unhappy, and not he only. Kate went home perfectly miserable, the Doctor gloomily savage, Mr. Essom officially indignant, and the Heatherthorp eleven intensely combative.

It is night, and the market-room of the Sursingle Arms is full to overflowing. The Shipley party are about to take their departure, and are, pending the preparation of their coach, imbibing (hollow mockery!) a stirrup cup. Mr. Daniel Essom has just finished a speech; his face is flushed, and the glasses have not ceased to vibrate on the board. Matthew Crisp (absent from duty without leave) rises—and, in a deep and deliberate voice, says, “Gentlemen all, afore we part, there's a health we ought to drink, upstanding, w' musical honours, three times three, and all the rest on't. I ha' been a cricketer myself, and I *think* I know the game. (Hear, hear.) Ask Golightly. (Golightly: “Quite true, Mat.”) In fact if ever you want a man to mak' up an eleven, I'm ready. (Cheers and laughter.) You may laugh, but I say I'm ready. (Loud cheers.) But about this health—I'm not agoin' to say that Mr. Essom's wrong or that Mr. Anybodyelse's wrong—but I'm certain sure you've all missed spotting the best player this day. It's neither my master (A voice: ‘It is though!’), nor Mr. Woodridge, nor Cranston. There he sits.” And amid the greatest uproar he turned and pointed steadily to the wretched cause of the afternoon's fracas—the umpire. “Here's to the health of the Shipley umpire, and long may he live to give men out as he's given 'em out to day!”

(To be continued.)

SIRES IN THE SUBURBS.

WE forget at the present moment which of his many Whitewall cracks it was to which John Scott was wont to allude facetiously as, “the only horse, Sir, I ever trained in the streets of London,” but the reader, anxious for information on this point, will find it duly recorded somewhere in the delightful pages of the “Druid.” Next to training horses on the stones, the last object which an ordinary cockney would expect to come across in his suburban rambles would be a pasture roamed by brood mares, or some blood sire stepping grandly down the public road. Talk of “bringing racing horses to the doors of the people” by suburban races, indeed; it is not half so healthy a process of instilling racing ideas into the mind as to live within hail of a thoroughbred nursery, such as that which is quietly and unostentatiously extending its accommodation at Old Oak Farm. Smoky London has pushed its outworks to the very verge of these fertile paddocks, and is gradually edging onwards in a westerly direction, until the home of Lord Lyon bids fair to be fenced in with lines of bricks and mortar, and to become an “oasis in the dirt and drouth of city life.” From the windows of the builder's last invading outpost the young idea may imbibe its first racing predilections, by watching the fathers of the Stud take their walks abroad early in the morning, or half a score of Belgravian mothers brushing away the dew from the first spring grass. It is a brave sight, too, to note the antics of the yearling cohort, when the envious door is opened at length, and they bound out by pairs to sniff the fresh air, careering away at topmost speed to the very confines of their grassy kingdom, pulling up short at the boundary fences and then trotting quietly off for a dainty nibble at the springing blade. They exhibit all the frolics and vagaries of children dismissed from school, and in that verdant playground you may mark the “cock of the walk,” the busy meddler, the solitary idler, the overbearing bully,

and their meek, long-suffering victims. My Lord was undergoing the lounging process on his straw bed on our arrival, requiring the occasional reminder of the lash to keep him travelling at a brisk pace on his two hours' round. The deep litter made him lift his white feet high enough to pass muster as the “good-actioned” animal, of which advertisements speak so glowingly, but of which the reality too often brings disappointment. In his winter coat, burnished with the hue of health, Lord Lyon looks more of a brown than the bay which we saw carry off the *corona triplex* ten years ago, and shows as bravely as when he first held court at Neasham Hall. His feet, though still rather of the duck-bill order, and inclined to be flat and shelly, are sound enough, and he is no longer the splendid cripple he appeared during the early days of his sojourn at Old Oak Farm. Good hard food without stint, and exercise sufficient to keep down all humours arising from a plethoric habit of body—these have converted the once delicate subject into a hale and hearty specimen of horseflesh, and Lord Lyon is just now in the prime of life. Shall we outrage the feelings of the Veterinary College and its learned professors by recording our conviction that disordered feet in the horse are evidences of a gouty condition, as among human beings, and for the most part are to be attributed to high living and want of exercise? As a rule, we do not encounter this distressing malady to anything like the same extent in other equine circles as among thoroughbred sires; and, like gout, it is clearly hereditary, though it is not accommodating enough to “skip a generation.” We still think Mr. Cookson's plan the best, of turning out stallions in large paddocks, where they can avail themselves of the exercise dictated by nature as necessary to a healthful condition; but want of space in most places militates against the practicability of so excellent an idea. Costa is looking in the perfection of health, and we are still anxiously waiting for his stock to redeem the promise shown by so many in their youthful days, and to vindicate the racing-like shapes and unimpeachable blood of their sire.

There are a dozen or so of nursing mothers patiently biding their time of travail to the Lyon, all gloriously ragged and muddy, but luxuriating in the first languid burst of spring sunshine breaking over the borderland of town and country. The bay's list has long been closed, and though the forty “select” have not all been nominated, more than one celebrity of the stud-book is entered upon the roll-call of “ladies in waiting.” Pietas, the dam of Placida, seeks a renewal of the Lyon's favours, and from all parts of the country come Queens of Sheba to do him homage. Two early pledges look inquiringly up at intruders upon their solitude in yonder boxes—a chestnut, the first foal of Nutbeam, a shapely Lord of the Isles mare, which can boast of three crosses of Touchstone blood—and a bay from Ethelinda, who has travelled from the Berkshire downs to her old consort. Good news comes from Cobham, and other breeding centres, of matrons in the happy state; and, if all goes well, the white-footed bay should have a good yearling season in 1878, when we may safely prophecy that the young lords and ladies will not walk round the ring without a bid, or be compelled to bow to that stern sentence of “take him away,” which has broken the heart of more than one *dilettante* breeder. The yearlings are picking up their crumbs after a three months' ordeal of cold and damp, such as might try the hardiest constitution, and among them is an unmistakeable Costa out of Divertissement, and a couple more by the same sire, all promising to ripen into useful members of any society in which their lot may be cast. There, too, is a wiry, hard looking scion of Siderolite, a chestnut Typhoeus, with much of his sire's character, and a couple of Winslow fillies, which it would gladden Colonel Maude's heart to see, as evidence of what the young Lord Clifden may be expected to effect. The first blades of fresh spring grass will set these youngsters growing like wildfire, and what we see before us now is only the framework, showing what may be expected when the “laying on” process commences, and growth is made up to the points now painfully apparent.

The rush of fashionables to secure places and presentations at court, has necessitated the erection of a score or so of roomy boxes about the farm, all of which will shortly be tenanted, as fresh arrivals are daily announced, and the season will be a busy one at Old Oak Farm. The old barn, of ample proportions, has been requisitioned for extra accommodation, and in its large area space has been found for some capital foaling boxes, with plenty of light and ventilation, all well protected from the weather, and fitted with the most approved appliances. Gradually the old place is assuming an aspect such as the oldest inhabitant cannot call to mind, and we have often wondered why so convenient a spot should not be further utilised by holding sales of blood stock during the summer months. The farm is accessible by both road and rail, and there are many small yearling lots now separately offered for sale at Albert Gate which might be more profitably collected, catalogued, and sold on some vacant Saturday in June or July. As Mr. Tattersall truly observed, “We used to have some capital yearling sales at the Gate;” but we take it the days have gone by for this sort of thing, as people are nowadays more exacting in their requirements as regards the *locale*, and prefer seeing the yearlings quietly, “far from the madding crowd” which besieges the Gate on an important sale-day. We had almost forgotten to mention our re-introduction to an old friend, in Oxford Mixture, looking very staid and matronly, and fully aware of the importance of an approaching event. George Frederick is a good cross in many respects, but we shall take the liberty of considering Lord Lyon a still better one, now that Touchstone on Birdcatcher has become almost as fashionable as Birdcatcher upon Touchstone. Indeed, his lordship combines the two strains, and will suit admirably as regards make and shape. We heartily wish Lord Lyon good luck, and none the less because, after some mismanagement and neglect, he has worked his way to the front, and risen, like the industrious apprentice in the story-book, “solely by merit.”

MADAME DOLARO, will we hear, play in *La Perichole* at the Folly Theatre, morning performance, very shortly.

MR. JOHN CHESHIRE, the celebrated harpist, gave “A Harp Recital” at Leeds, on the 7th inst., before a crowded audience with the greatest success.

Foul Play was read at the Olympic on Saturday last: it may be remembered that this play by Boucicault was produced at the Holborn Theatre a few years ago, in which Mr. G. Neville scored a success.

A MORNING performance of *The Invisible Prince* will take place at the Globe Theatre on Saturday, the 24th inst., when other attractions will be added to the programme. This will be the occasion of Mr. Edgar Bruce's benefit.

WE hear with deep regret that the child clown of the Adelphi pantomime is in Charing Cross Hospital suffering from concussion of the brain, the result of an accident at rehearsal. His successor was only less unfortunate, for the child's earliest effort resulted in a sprained shoulder, which compelled the removal of his name from the bill.

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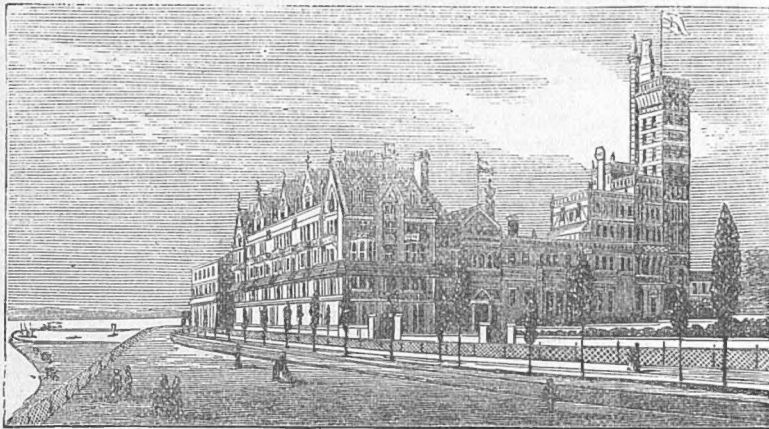
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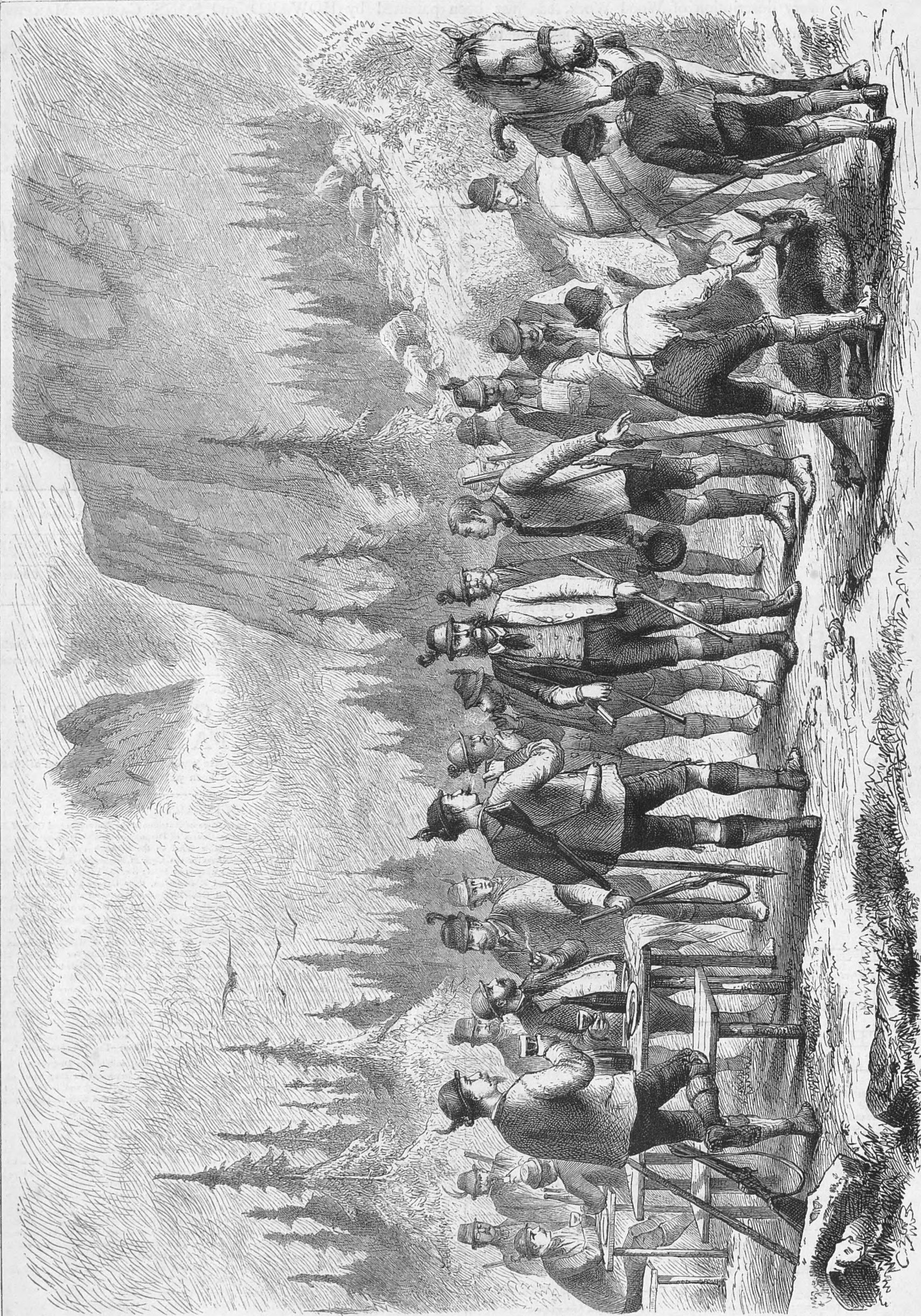
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